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[From the New Orleans Delta.]

WALT WHITMAN.

If WALT WHITMAN had occasion to put forth his notions of poetry and poets in dithyrambic form, we can well imagine the strain to run in this wise:

It a great poet thinks he sings, and sings not,
Very good!
Or if a great poem thinks it's sung, and the great poet who sung it never lived nor loved, nor was married to immortal verse or to a human female, nor drank brandy, nor chewed tobacco nor stimulated his brain with coffee,
Very good also!
Or if the great poem is sung, but thinks it's not sung, let it be content.
Or if the great poet thinks he doesn't sing, but does sing, let him be content.
Any way and every way, these are all dreams and all facts;
These are all facts and all dreams;
As dreamy and as factual as the mill between Heenan and Sayers, the Common Council, the Chicago Convention, the Great Eastern, John Brown, and the 'irrepressible conflict.'
All these things are equally something and nothing,
Nothing and something.
Let them alone!
Come away!!
Pshaw!!!
But, to speak the truth that is in me, and in you, too, who are only a shadow of me, it is the sublime nihility of these things that inflates me with poetic emptiness—
Inflates me, myself, and not you, or Thomas, Richard, or Henry—
Inflates me, I mean, and Emerson, who is only another mood of me—
Inflates us both, who are one, I say, and causes us to riot in a chaos of uninterpretable lingo, and to shout from the empyrean height of unspeakable joy,
Whoop-de dooden-doo!

Translated for The New York Saturday Press

COMEDIANS WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

(Continued.)

Vital condescended to show himself, clothed in black, with a splendid frilled-shirt, adorned with a diamond-pin. The three friends saw a young and pretty woman, seated in the office embroidering.

Vital was a man from thirty to forty, of a natural joviality restrained by the pressure of ambitious ideas. He had a figure of the medium height, a privilege of all fine organizations; was stout and careful of his person; his forehead was bald, and with this baldness he gave himself the air of a man oppressed by thought. It was evident from the way his wife listened to, and looked at him, that she believed in her husband's genius and fame. Vital loved the artists, not that he felt the influence of art, but from a feeling of fraternization; for he believed himself an artist, and showed it by defending himself from this title of nobility, by putting himself constantly, with premeditation, at an enormous distance from the arts, so that people should say to him, "But you have raised the hat to the elevation of an art."

"Have you at last designed my hat?" asked the painter.

"How? In a fortnight?" answered Vital, "and for you? It will take two months to find the shape suited to your face. Look here at my sketches, it is there; I have already studied the subject deeply. I would not take so much trouble for a Prince, but you are more, you are an artist, and you can comprehend me, my dear sir."

"Here is one of our grand inventors, a man who would be as great as Jacquard if he would starve himself a little," said Bixiou presenting Gazonal. "Our friend, a cloth-maker, has discovered the means of reproducing the India-blue of old clothes, and he wished to see you as a great curiosity, for you have said 'The hat is the man;' that saying has delighted this gentleman. Ah, Vital, you have faith, you believe in something, you have a passion for your work." Vital hardly heard, he became pale with pleasure.

"That is my wife. This gentleman is a prince of science."

Madame Vital rose at a gesture from her husband, and Gazonal saluted her.

"Shall I have the honor of dressing your head?" resumed Vital with a joyful obsequiousness.

"At the same price that you do it for me," said Bixiou.

"Most certainly, I ask as my reward only the pleasure of being sometimes spoken of by the gentleman. You must have a picturesque hat, sir, in the same style as Mr. Lousteau's, said Vital looking at Bixiou with a magisterial air, "I will study it."

"You give yourself a great deal of trouble," said Gazonal.

"Only for some persons, for those who know how to appreciate the value of my work. In the aristocracy there is only one man who understands the hat. He is the Prince de Bethune. Why do not men regard their heads as much as women do, since the hat is the first article of dress which attracts attention, and why don't they think of changing the present style, which, let us say it, is ignoble. But Frenchmen are of all nations, the people who persevere longest in a folly. I know well the difficulties, gentlemen; I do not speak of my writings upon the subject, which I believe approach the matter philosophically, but only as a hatter. I alone have discovered the means by accenting the infamous head-covering which France uses, of overthrowing it."

He showed the hideous hat now in use.

"This, gentlemen, is the enemy. Shall it be told that the best-dressed people on the earth consent to wear upon their heads such a piece of stove-pipe, as one of our authors has said. See all the inflections which I have been able to give to these hideous lines," he added, pointing to one of his own creations. "But though I know how to suit its character to each one—for you see here a doctor's hat, a grocer's, a dandy's, an artist's, a fat man's, a thin man's—it is always horrible. Wait, understand all my thought."

He took a low hat with a large rim.

"This is the old hat of Claude Vignon, a great critic, a liberal man, and a good-liver. He allied himself to the Ministry. They made him professor, librarian; he worked only on the *Debats*, he made himself Master in Equity, his office pays him sixteen thousand francs, he makes four thousand francs from his journal, he is decorated. Well, look at his new hat."

And Vital showed a hat of a shape and design that was correct.

"You should make him a hat like Punch's," said Gazonal.

"You are a man of the first rank of Genius," said Leon.

Vital bowed, not suspecting the joke.

"Can you tell me why your shop remains open the last in the evening, even after all the retaurants are shut? That has troubled me a great deal," said Gazonal.

"Because our shops are then lighted better than during the day; and then for ten hats we sell during a day we sell fifty during the evening."

"Every thing is curious in Paris," said Leon.

"Well, despite all my efforts and my successes," resumed Vital, recommencing his discourse, "we must come to the hat with the round crown. It is there that I tend."

"What is the obstacle to it?" asked Gazonal.

"The cheapness, sir. Then they would make fine hats for fifteen francs, and that would kill our trade, for in Paris no one ever has fifteen francs for a new hat. If the beaver cost thirty francs, there remains the same problem. When I say beaver, there are not more than ten pounds of beaver-fur sold in France. It costs three hundred and fifty francs a-pound, and it requires an ounce to make a hat. But the beaver hat is worthless. The fur does not dye well, becomes red by ten minutes' exposure to the sun, and the hat becomes distorted by heat. What we call beaver is really the fur of rabbits. The finest qualities come from the back of the animal, the next from the sides, and the third from the stomach. I tell you the secrets of the trade, you are men of honor. But if we use rabbit-fur, or silk, upon the head, fifteen or thirty francs, the problem is still unsolved. We must pay for our hats, that is why the hat remains as it is. The honor of France clothed, will be saved the day when white hats with round crowns cost a hundred francs. We can then give credit, as the tailors do. To arrive at this result, we must decide to wear a buckle and ribbon of gold, a feather, and a lining of satin, as during the times of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Our trade, dealing then with fancy, will be decupled. The market of the world will belong to France, as the fashions for ladies, to which Paris will always give the tone, whilst the hat now in use can be made everywhere. There are ten millions of foreign money to be gained by our country in this question."

"It is a revolution," said Bixiou pretending enthusiasm.

"Yes, a radical one, for it is necessary to change the form."

"You are happy in Luther's way," said Leon, who always cultivated the pun, "you dream of a reformation."

"Yes, gentlemen; ah if twelve or fifteen artists, capitalists, or dandies, who give the ton, would have the courage during twenty-four hours, France would gain a great commercial battle. Why, I tell my wife that I would give my fortune to succeed. Yes, all my ambition is to regenerate this matter, and then disappear."

"That man is colossal," said Gazonal on going out, "but I assure you that all your originals have something meridional about them."

"Let us go down there," said Bixiou pointing to St. Marc street.

"We are going to see 'your things.'"

"You will see the usurer of the rats, and the walking-sticks, a woman who possesses as many frightful secrets as you may see dresses hanging in her window," said Bixiou. He pointed to a shop, the negligence of which was a blot in the midst of the showy modern stores. It was a shop with a front painted in 1820, and which a failure had left in a doubtful condition upon the proprietor's hands; the color had disappeared under a double coat of dirt and dust; the windows were filthy. The door-handle turned of itself, as in all places where people go out more quickly than they come in.

"What do you say of that? is she not the first cousin of death?" said the painter in Gazonal's ear pointing to a terrible-looking woman behind the counter. "Well, she calls herself Madame Nourisson."

"Madame, how much for this lace?" asked the manufacturer, wishing to show his wit to the two artists.

"For you, who come from a distance, sir, that will be only a hundred crowns."

Seeing him give the start peculiar to Southerners, she added with a knowing air, "That belonged to the poor Princess de Lamballe."

"How, so near the Chateau," asked Bixiou.

"Sir, they don't believe it," she answered.

"Madame, we do not come to buy," said Bixiou boldly.

"I see that well, sir," answered Madame Nourisson.

"We have several things to sell," continued the famous caricaturist. "I live No. 112 Richelieu street, sixth story. If you wish to come there in a moment, you can make a famous trade."

"You want perhaps some yards of muslin, full measure."

"No, the affair is about a marriage-dress," said Leon gravely.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Madame Nourisson came to Bixiou's, who to finish the joke had carried Leon and Gazonal home with him. Madame Nourisson found them as serious as authors whose collaboration has not met with the success it deserves.

"Madame," said the fearless mystefier, showing her a pair of woman's slippers, "these belonged to the Empress Josephine."

"He wanted to pay off Madame Nourisson for the story of the Princess de Lamballe.

"Ah!" said she, "these were made this year, see the mark underneath."

"Do you not see that these slippers are a preface," answered Leon, "though they are generally the conclusion of a romance?"

"My friend here," resumed Bixiou pointing to the Southerner, "on account of large family interests, wishes to know if a young person of a good family, and rich, and whom he wishes to marry, has committed a fault."

"How much will the gentleman give?" she asked, looking at Gazonal, who was no longer astonished at anything.

"One hundred francs," answered the manufacturer.

"Excuse me," she said grinning a refusal which would have made a macsquo despair.

"What do you ask, then, my little Madame Nourisson?" said Bixiou taking hold of her.

"My dear gentlemen, since I have been in business, I have never seen any one, either man or woman, cheapen happiness; and beside, look here, you are three jokers," she resumed, passing a smile over her cold lips, and glancing at them with a frozen look, as defiant as a cat's. "If it is not a question of your happiness, it is one of your fortune; and at the height at which you live, people bargain still less about a dowry. Let us see," she said, assuming a sweet expression, "of whom do you ask, my lambs?"

"Of the house of Beunier & Co.," answered Bixiou, glad to know something about a person who interested him.

"O for that, a louis is enough," she answered.

"And why?"

"I have all the mother's jewels. This is the third time in three months. She is on her last legs. She is very much embarrassed in finding enough to pay me the interest upon the loans I have made to her. You wish to marry there, eh? Give me forty francs and I will tell you enough for a hundred crowns."

Gazonal showed a forty-franc piece, and Madame Nourisson gave the most frightful details about the secret poverty of some women called fashionable. The female-pawnbroker, made gay by the conversation, became communicative. Without betraying names or secrets, she made the two artists shiver by showing them that in Paris there were but few fortunes which were not founded upon the treacherous basis of borrowing. She had in her drawers, from dead grandmothers, from living children, from departed husbands, from deceased grandchildren, souvenirs mounted in gold and diamonds. She became acquainted with frightful histories, by making one person talk against another, by drawing their secrets from them during their moments of passion, dispute, and anger, and in the quiet moments necessary to complete a loan.

"How were you led to commence this business?" asked Gazonal.

"For my son," she said simply.

Almost all the female dealers in old clothes, justify their trade by reasons full of fine motives. Madame Nourisson represented herself as having lost many hopes, three daughters who had turned out very badly, all her illusions in a word. She showed as her most valuable assets the tickets of the mont-de-piété, to prove how risky her trade was. She said she would be in great need of money the 30th of next month. People stole a great deal from her, she said.

The two artists looked at each other on hearing this rather too strong expression.

"Wait, my children, I will show you how they cheat us. It is not my own case, but my opposite neighbor's, Madame Mauchet, the ladies' shoemaker. I had lent money to a countess, a woman who had too many passions, considering her fortune. She wastes it upon a magnificent apartment and splendid furniture. She receives, and makes, as we say, the devil of a show. She owed her shoemaker three hundred francs, and gave a dinner and a party no later ago than day before yesterday. The shoemaker, who heard of it from the cook, came to see me. We put our heads together. She wished to make a row. I said to her, 'My dear little Mahuchet, what good is there in that—in making yourself hated? It would be better to get good security. Gently, gently, and then you save your bile.' She wished to go there, asked me to help her, and we went together. Madame is not at home;—we knew that. 'We will wait for her,' said mother Mahuchet, 'should I stay here until midnight.' So there we camped in the ante-room, [illegible] waiting. The doors opened and shut; we heard voices and steps passing. These noises gave me pain. People were coming to dinner. You can judge of the aspect which the affair assumed. The countess sent her maid to soft-soap Mahuchet. 'You will be paid to-morrow.' All the excuses, in a word. None of them took. The countess, dressed like Sunday, came into the dining-room. My Mahuchet, who heard her, opened the door and showed herself. By George! at the sight of the table shining with silver—the covers, the candlesticks, all glittering like jewels—she went off like a bottle of soda-water, and fired her train. 'When people spend other people's money, they ought to be sober, and not give dinner-parties. To be a countess, and owe a hundred crowns to a poor shoemaker who has seven children!' You can guess all she said—she is a woman of little education. Upon an excuse given by the countess—no funds—my Mahuchet cried, 'What, Madame, look at the silver-ware! Pawn your dish-covers and pay me.' 'Take them yourself,' said the countess, gathering together six covers, and putting them in her hands. We hastened down stairs. Ah ha! what a success! No!—in the street, tears came to Mahuchet's eyes, for she is a good woman; she took the covers while making excuses, and comprehended the poverty of that countess,—they were plated."

"She was then dishcovered," said Leon de Lora.

"Ah, my dear sir," said Madame Nourisson, enlightened by this pun, "you are an artist, you make plays for the theatre, you live in Helder street, and you have remained with Madame Antonia, you have your hobbies, which I know of—come, do you wish to have something, of a rare and splendid kind? Carabine or Mousqueton? Malaga, or Jenny Cadine?"

"Malaga? Carabine! It is we who have made them what they are," said Leon de Lora.

"I swear to you, my dear Madame Nourisson, that we only wish to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, and that we desire some information about your antecedents, to know how you happened into your present business," said Bixiou.

"I was the confidential woman-servant to a Marshall of France, the Prince d'Ysembourg," she said taking a pose like Dorine. "One morning one of the most upish countesses of the imperial court came; she wished to speak to the Marshall, and in secret. I immediately put myself in a position to hear. The woman burst into tears, she confided to this silly Marshall (the Prince d'Ysembourg, that Condé of the Republic, a simpleton!) that her husband, who served in Spain, had left her without a thousand-franc note; that if she did not immediately have one or two of them, her children would be without bread; she had nothing to eat for next day. My Marshall, generous enough in those days, took two notes of a thousand francs each from his desk. I looked at this beautiful countess on the stairs without her seeing me; she smiled with a contentment so little maternal, that I slipped under the porch and heard her say in a low tone to her driver, 'To Leroy's.' I ran there. My mother of a family entered this famous shop, in Richelieu street, you know. She ordered and paid for a dress costing fifteen hundred francs. People paid for their dresses then, when they ordered them. The day after the next she could appear at the Ambassador's ball, rigged out as a woman ought to be,—to please all the world and some one person in particular. From that day I said to myself, 'I have a position! when I am no longer young, I will lend money on their clothes, to the grand ladies; for passion does not calculate and pays blindly.' If you want subjects for farces, I will sell them to you."

She went off with this tirade, in which each phase of her former life was described, leaving Gazonal as much frightened at her confidence, as by the fine yellow teeth she had shown in attempting to smile.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Gazonal.

"Bills," said Bixiou, whistling for his porter, "for I want money, and I will show you what porters are good for. You suppose that they are of use only to pull the latch-string; they serve to pull those like myself who have no regular business, out of difficulties; the artists whom they take under their protection."

Gazonal opened his eyes as large as a cow's.

A man of no definite age, half gray and half an office-boy, but more oily and greasy than either, his hair pomatumed, his stomach somewhat prominent, his complexion pale and moist like that of the Superior of a convent, in cloth gaiters, a blue cloth coat and gray pantaloons, suddenly appeared.

"What do you want, sir?" with an air that belonged at once to a superior and an inferior.

"Ravenouillet. He calls himself Ravenouillet," said Bixiou, turning to Gazonal. "Have you our billbook?"

Ravenouillet drew from his pocket the greasiest book Gazonal had ever seen.

"Write in it, at three months, these two notes you are going to sign for me."

Bixiou offered him two notes regularly drawn to his order by Ravenouillet, which Ravenouillet signed on the spot, and entered on the greasy book, in which his wife wrote the debts of the lodgers.

"Thanks, Ravenouillet," said Bixiou. "Wait, here is a box-ticket for the play this evening."

"Oh my daughter will have a fine evening, if she goes there," said Ravenouillet retiring.

"We are seventy lodgers here," said Bixiou. "The least we owe to Ravenouillet is six thousand francs a-month, eighteen thousand francs a-quarter, for advances, and delivery of letters without counting rent. He is providence—at thirty per cent., which we give him without his ever having asked anything."

"O Paris! Paris!" cried Gazonal.

"Let us go," said Bixiou endorsing the notes. "I am about to carry you, Cousin Gazonal, to see another comedian, who will play gratis, a charming scene."

"Where?" asked Leon.

"At a usurer's. On our way I will tell you the commencement of my friend Ravenouillet in Paris."

As they passed the porter's lodge, Gazonal saw Miss Lucienne Ravenouillet, with a piece of music in her hand; she was a pupil of the Conservatoire; the father was reading a paper, and Madame Ravenouillet held the letters received for the lodgers.

"Good-day, Mr. Bixiou," said the young girl.

"She is not a rat,' said Leon to his cousin, "she is an embryo swan."

"It seems," said Gazonal, "that the friendship of the lodge, like that of the rest of the world, is gained by the offer of a box."

"He is becoming educated by our society!" said Leon, charmed at the joke.

"This is Ravenouillet's history," said Bixiou when the three friends were upon the Boulevard. "In 1831, Massol, your State counsellor, was a newspaper-lawyer, who desired then, to be only guardian of the seals; he was willing to leave Louis Philippe on the throne; but his ambition must be excused, he is from Carcassonne. One morning he saw come to his room a young countryman who said, 'You know me well Mr. Massol, for I am the son of the grocer, your neighbor. I come down from there, for they say that every one coming here can find a place.'

[illegible] himself, that if he was unfortunate enough to serve this compatriot, who was entirely unknown to him, the whole country would come down on him; that his bell would be destroyed, his bell-pulls and his carpets; that his only servant would leave him; that he would have a difficulty with the proprietor about the staircase, and that the lodgers would complain of the smell of garlic spread through the house. Therefore he looked at the petitioner as a butcher looks at a lamb before cutting its throat; but notwithstanding this dagger-glance, the provincial resumed thus, Massol told us 'I, like everybody else, have an ambition, and I do not want to return to the country unless I am rich when I return, since Paris is the antechamber of Paradise. They say that you write for the papers, you make it rain or fair weather; that you have only to ask, to obtain anything from the Government. But if I have faculties, as we all have, I know myself. I have no instruction; though I have means, I cannot write, and that is unfortunate, since I have ideas; I do not think therefore, to help you; I think myself I would not succeed at it; but as you can do everything, and as we are almost brothers, having played together during our childhood, I count on your starting and protecting me. Oh it must be so, I want a place, a place suited to my means, to what I am, and where I can make a fortune.'

"Massol was about to put the provincial out of doors, by throwing some brutal speech at him, when the man concluded thus,—

"'I do not ask to become part of the administration, where people go like tortoises—like your cousin, who has remained travelling-controller for twenty years. No, I only wish to start.' 'At the theatre?' said Massol happy at such an ending. 'No, I have good gestures, a face, and memory; I would prefer to start in the career of a—porter.'

"Massol remained grave and said, 'There is more hard work there, but at least you will see that the rooms are filled.' And he obtained for him as Ravenouillet says, his first string."

"I am the first one," said Leon, "who studied the genus-porter. They are scamps in morality, mountebanks in vanity, the sycophants of modern times, septemberists, adorned with gravity, inventors of the questions full of actuality, who preach the emancipation of the negroes, the amelioration of small thieves, benevolence toward liberated convicts, and who leave their wives in a worse state than that of the Irish women, in prisons more frightful than cells, and who give them less money a-year to live on than the State gives a convict. I never did but one good thing in my life, it was the lodge of my porter."

"If," resumed Bixiou, "a man had built a grand cage, divided into a thousand compartments like the cells of a hive, or the cages of a menagerie, destined to receive creatures of all kinds and of all sorts of industry; if then this being with the face of a proprietor, should come to consult a sage, saying 'I want an individual of the genus bimanus, who can live in a hole full of old shoes, made pestiferous by old rags, and ten feet square. I want him to live all his life there, to sleep there, be happy there, have children there as charming as loves, to work there, cook there, walk there, raise flowers there, sing there, and never go out, that he should not have light enough there to see clearly, and yet should see all that passes outside,' certainly the sage would not be able to invent a porter for the task; it would need Paris, or if you prefer, the devil to create him."

"Parisian industry has gone still further in the impossible," said Gazonal; "there are workmen here You do not know all the products of industry, you who expose them. Our labor contends against that of the continent by blows of misery, as, under the empire, Napoleon fought Europe with blows of regiments."

"Here we are at my friend Vauvinet, the usurer's," said Bixiou. "One of the great mistakes made by those who describe our manners, is their repetition of old portraits. To-day each condition is changed. The grocers become peers of France, artists are men of capital, farce-writers have rent-rolls. If some few faces remain as they were formerly, in general the professions have neither their peculiar dress, nor their ancient manners. If we have had Gobseck, Gigonnet, Chalboisseau, Samanon, the last of the Romans, we enjoy to-day Vauvinet, a usurer who is a good fellow, a dandy who haunts the theatres, who rides in a little low coupé with one horse. Observe my man well, friend Gazonal; you are about to see the comedy of money, a cold-hearted man who would give nothing, a warm-hearted man who suspects a benefit; above all listen to him."

They all three ascended to the second story of a handsome house on the Boulevard des Italiens, and found themselves surrounded by all the fashionable luxuries. A young man of about twenty-eight came to meet them with almost a laughing expression, for he saw Leon de Lora first. Vauvinet gave a seemingly friendly shake of the hand to Bixiou, saluted Gazonal coldly, and showed them into a room where a vulgar taste was evident under the artistic appearance of the furniture, and despite the fashionable statuettes, in the thousand little things appropriated by modern art to our small rooms, which have made it as little as its patrons. Vauvinet was dressed like the young business-men, with that excessive care, which for many of them, is an advertisement.

"I come to get money from you," said Bixiou, laughing and presenting his notes.

Vauvinet assumed a serious expression, which made Gazonal smile, there was such a difference between the laughing face and the face of the shaver put on his guard.

"My dear," said Vauvinet looking at Bixiou, "it would be with the greatest pleasure that I would oblige you, but I have no money just now."

"Ah, bah!"

"Yes, I have given it all, you know to whom. That poor Lousteau has associated himself in the management of a theatre with an old farce-writer, who is a great favorite with the Minister—Ridal—and they needed thirty thousand francs yesterday. I am dry, and so dry that I was about sending for money to Cerizet, to pay a hundred louis I lost at lasquinet this morning at Jenny Cadine's."

"You must be very dry not to oblige this poor Bixiou, since he has a very naughty tongue when he finds himself set aside."

"But," said Bixiou, "I could never say anything but good of Vauvinet; he is full of good—"

"My dear," resumed Vauvinet, "it would be impossible for me, had I the money, to discount even at fifty per cent. notes drawn by your porter. Ravenouillet is not in demand. He is not Rothschild. I warn you that he is about used up; you must invent another house. Find some uncle, since a friend who signs our notes is no longer to be seen; the age makes horrible progress in positivism."

"I have," said Bixiou pointing to Leon's cousin. "I have, sir, one of the most illustrious manufacturers of cloth in the South, named Gazonal. His hair is not well dressed," he said, looking at the luxuriantly abundant hair of the provincial, "but I am going to carry him to Marius, who will remove this poodle-look, so hurtful to his own consideration and to ours."

"I do not believe in southern values, it may [illegible] so without offending the gentleman," answered Vauvinet, with so easy an air that Gazonal could not get vexed at his insolence.

Gazonal, like a very sharp man, thought the painter and Bixiou wished for teaching him. Paris, to make him pay a thousand francs for the breakfast. The native of Roussillon had not yet lost that prodigious distrust which distinguishes a provincial in Paris.

"How can you ask me to do business at two hundred and fifty leagues from Paris, in the Pyrenees?" added Vauvinet.

"It is settled, then?" said Bixiou.

"I have twenty francs in the house," said the young shaver.

"I am sorry for you," answered the mystifier. "I thought I was worth a thousand francs," he said drily.

"You are worth a hundred thousand francs," said Vauvinet, "even though you should not pay, but I am dry."

"Well," said Bixiou, "don't let us speak more of it. I could have managed this evening for you, at Carabine's, the best business you could wish for—you know what."

Vauvinet winked his eye at Bixiou, a grimace horse-jockeys make to each other, when they would say, 'Let us not try to outwit each other.'

"Do you not remember to have embraced me, absolutely like a pretty woman, caressing me with look and words," resumed Bixiou, "when you said to me 'will do anything for you, if you can get for me, at par, the railroad-stock which Du Tillet and Nucingen have undertaken.' Ah well, my dear, Maxime and Nucingen go to Carabine's this evening; she receives a great many politicians this evening; you loose there, my old fellow, a good chance. Come, good day; you play low."

Bixiou rose, leaving Vauvinet apparently cool, but really as discontented as a man is who sees that he has done a foolish thing.

"My dear, one moment," said the shaver, "though I have no money, I have credit. Though your notes have no value, I can keep them, and give you in exchange others which are convertible. In fact we can agree about the railroad-stock; we will divide, in a certain proportion, the profits of that operation, and I will then give you credit for the profits."

"No, no," said Bixiou, "I want cash, I must do my Ravenouillet."

"Ravenouillet is, beside, very good; he keeps an account in the savings bank," said Vauvinet, "he is excellent."

"He is better than you," added Leon, "for he does not keep a lorette in his pay; he has his rents, and does not go into speculations, risking everything upon their rise or fall."

"You joke, great man," resumed Vauvinet, again jovial and caressing; "you have made an elixir of La Fontaine's fable of the oak and the reed. Come, Guletta, my old comrade," said Vauvinet taking hold of Bixiou, "you need money; well, I can borrow three thousand francs from my friend Cerizet, instead of two thousand; and let us be friends Cinna! Give me your two gigantic cabbage-leaves. If I refused you, it was because it is hard for a man who cannot carry on his little business, except by putting his note through the bank, to keep your Ravenouillet in his secretary drawer. It is hard, very hard."

"And what discount do you take?" said Bixiou.

"Next to nothing," said Vauvinet. "It will cost you, in three months, fifty miserable francs."

"As Emile Blondet said lately, you will be my benefactor," answered Bixiou.

"Twenty per cent. and interest beside," said Gazonal in Bixiou's ear, who answered by giving him a punch in the stomach with his elbow.

"Stop," said Vauvinet opening the drawer of his secretary, "I see there an old note for five hundred, which was stuck against the side. I did not know I was so rich, for I was looking for a note payable next week, for four hundred and fifty. Cerizet will take it from you without much diminution, and there is your sum complete. But no farces, Bixiou? Eh, this evening I will go to Carabine's. You swear to me—"

"Are we not refriended?" said Bixiou, taking the five-hundred-franc bill and the note for four hundred and fifty. "I give you my word of honor that this evening you will see Du Tillet and many persons who desire to make their way with Carabine—their railway."

Vauvinet saw the three friends down stairs, cajoling Bixiou on the way. Bixiou remained serious even to the doorstep; he listened to Gazonal, who was trying to enlighten him upon the transaction, and prove to him that if Vauvinet's accomplice, this Cerizet, took twenty francs discount on the note for four hundred and fifty, it would be getting money at forty per cent. On the sidewalk, Bixiou froze Gazonal with the laugh of a Parisian mystifier, that silent and cold laugh, a sort of labial North wind.

"The decision about the road will be positively adjourned to the chamber," he said; "we knew that yesterday from that walker we smiled with. If I win this evening five or six hundred francs at lasquenet, what is the loss of seventy francs to get enough money to dress myself with?"

"Lasquenet is still another of the thousand prismatic surfaces of Paris as it is," said Leon. "Therefore, Cousin, we intend presenting you to a Duchess in Saint Georges street, when you will see the aristocracy of lorettes, and where you can gain your lawsuit. But as it is impossible to present you there with your mass of hair, looking as much like a hedgehog as it does now, we are about to carry you near here, to the place de la Bourse, at Marius', another of our actors."

"Who is this new actor?"

"Here is his story," answered Bixiou. "In 1800, a man from Toulouse, named Cabot, a young hair-dresser, stuffed with ambition, came to Paris, and, to use your provincialism, set up a shop. This man of genius, he now enjoys an income of eighty thousand francs in Libourne, where he has retired,—understood that his vulgar and ignoble name would never arrive at celebrity. Mr. de Parry, whose hair he dressed, gave him the name of Marius, so superior to the Christian names of Armand and Hippolyte under which are concealed the patronymics attacked by this Cabot. All of Cabot's successors have called themselves Marius. The present Marius, is the fifth, his name is Mongin. He is engaged in many other kinds of business, in the 'Botob water' and the 'ink of little virtue.' In Paris a name becomes a piece of commercial property, and constitutes a sort of nobility among signs. Marius, who also has pupils, has created, they say, the foremost school of hair-dressing in the world."

"In travelling through France, I have often seen signs with the words, such an one, pupil of Marius," said Gazonal.

"These pupils must wash their hands after every head they dress," continued Bixiou; "but Marius does not admit them indifferently, they must each have a good hand, and not be ugly. The most remarkable among them for elocution, as for appearance, go out to dress hair in the city, whence they return greatly fatigued. Marius does not incommode himself for any one but titled ladies; he keeps his cabriolet and his groom."

"Humbug!" cried Bixiou, "remember that he is captain in the National Guard, and for having leaped the first over a barricade in 1839, he is decorated."

"Take care, he is neither a barber nor a wig-maker, he is a director of hair-dressing saloons," said Leon, mounting a staircase with crystal balusters, mahogany hand-rail, and a sumptuous carpet upon the steps.

"Ah, don't compromise us," said Bixiou to Gazonal. "In the ante-room you will find servants to take your coat and hat to brush, and who will accompany you to open and close the door of the hair-dressing room. It is needful to tell you that, my friend Gazonal," added Bixiou, finely, "because you might cry out 'Thieves.'"

"The saloons," said Leon, "are three boudoirs in which the director has gathered all the inventions of modern luxury. There are mantles to the windows, flowerpots all about, easy-sofas where one can read the papers while waiting his turn, if all the toilette-chairs are occupied. On entering you might feel your pocket, and imagine that they will change you five-francs, but never from any sort of pocket is extracted more than ten cents for curling, and twenty cents for cutting and dressing the hair. Elegant toilette-tables stand about with convenient water-faucets. All round are enormous looking-glasses reproducing one's face. Therefore, do not be astonished when a client—such is the elegant word substituted by Marius for the ignoble one of customer,—when a client appears upon the threshold, Marius glances at him, and appreciates him. To this man you are a head more or less susceptible of occupying his attention. There are no such things as men for Marius, there are only heads."

"We will make you hear Marius in all the tones of his gamut," said Bixiou, "if you will imitate our game."

(To be continued.)

[From the London Times, June 27.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We understand that the arrangements for the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Canada are now completed, and are as follows:

His Royal Highness will start from Davenport, upon the 10th of July, in Her Majesty's ship *Hero*, Captain G. H. Seymour, which will be accompanied by Her Majesty's ship *Ariadne*, Captain E. W. Vansittart, and Her Majesty's ship *Flying Fish*, Captain C. W. Hope.

The Prince will be attended by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, his Grace the Duke of Newcastle; The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, the Earl of St. Germans; his Royal Highness's Governor, Major General the Hon. R. Bruce, and the Equerries in Waiting, Major Teesdale, R. A., and Captain Grey, Grenadier Guards, and Dr. Acland, his Royal Highness's physician.

Mr. Engleheart, Private Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, will accompany his Grace.

The Prince of Wales will first land at St. Johns, Newfoundland, then visit Nova Scotia, and thence proceed to New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, and will reach Quebec by the route of the St. Lawrence. He may be expected at Montreal about the 23d of August, and the opening of the Victoria Bridge will take place a few days later.

His Royal Highness will represent Her Majesty upon this important national occasion, and will hold levees and receive addresses in the capitals of the different colonies. It is intended that he should visit the principal towns in both the Canadian Provinces.

On his return from the Western districts, it is intended that his Royal Highness should drop all Royal State, and assuming the title of Lord Renfrew, under which he has before travelled, upon the continent of Europe, his Royal Highness will visit some of the most important and interesting localities of the United States.

It is understood that the President, Mr. Buchanan, having in an authograph letter to the Queen expressed his personal desire to receive the Prince at Washington, his Royal Highness will pay him a visit in that city, and that his Royal Highness has also accepted an invitation from the city of New York.

His Royal Highness may be expected back in this country about the middle or end of October.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending July 14, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his prospectus SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life, Trial, and Confession, of Albert W. Hicks, the Pirate, who committed the Tripe Murders on board the Oyster Sloop, Edwin A. Johnson, in New York Harbor. With Illustrations and a Portrait. Pamphlet. pp. 100. 25 cents. New York: R. M. De Witt.

FICTION.

Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life. By Francis Copcutt. Royal 12mo. $1. New York: S. A. Rollo.

POETRY.

Corn in the Blade. Poems and Thoughts in Prose. By Crammond Kennedy. With an Introduction by C. B. Conant. Handsome 12mo, with Portrait on Steel. $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Hidden Gem. A Drama in Two Acts, composed for the College Jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Tahaw, 1858. By H. F. Tarcinal Woodman. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedian & Piet.

LEGAL.

A Practical Treatise on the Law of Covenants for Title. By William Henry Rawle. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. 8vo. $5 50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

TRAVELS.

Five Years in China. With an Account of the Great Rebellion. By Charles Taylor, M.D., formerly Missionary to China. With an Illuminated Portrait of the late Emperor. 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Appleton's Companion Hand Book of Travel to the Entire United States and British Provinces, including California, Kansas, Minnesota, New Mexico, Utah, Nebraska, Washington Territory, Oregon, the Isthmus of Panama, with a Description of the Principal Cities and Towns, and Places of Interest, together with Hotels, Through Routes, and Routes of Travel. With Colored Maps. 1 vol., square 12mo. Paper covers, 50 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Grand Expose of the Science of Gambling. Containing a complete Disclosure of the Secrets of the Art, as Practised by Professional Gamblers. By An Adept. 50 cents. New York: F. A. Brady.

What May be Learned from a Tree. By Harland Coultas, author of Organic Life the same in Animals as in Plants, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth, $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Lichen Tufts from the Alleghanies. By Elizabeth C. Wright. Cloth. 12mo. $1. New York: M. Doolady.

The Barbarism of Slavery. Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, on the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State, in the U. S. Senate, June 4, 1860. With a Lithographic Portrait of the author. Pamphlet, pp. 118. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

ENGLISH.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Garibaldi's Memoirs: an Autobiography. Edited by Alexander Dumas. London: Routledge.

FICTION.

The Shadow Land: A Story with a Purpose. 10s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

Wedded and Winnowed; or, the Trials of Mary Gascoigne. A Tale for the Divorce Court. By Marabel May. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

POETRY.

Enoch. A Poem, in Three Books. By Robert Stafford, M.A. 3s. 6d. London: Longmans.

The Great Comet of 1858, as Seen from the Island of Madeira. A Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1860. By the Rev. Alexander James Donald D'Orsay, Corpus Christi College. 1s. London: Bell & Daldy.

The Dawn of Love. By Calder Eliot. 1s. London: James Blackwood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curiosities of Natural History. By Francis Buckland, M.A., 2nd Life Guards. Second Series. 8vo. 6s. London: Richard Bentley.

French Wines and Vineyards, and How to Find Them. Thoroughly Practical Guide to Importers and Consumers. By Cyrus Redding. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: Houlston & Wright.

Life in the Sea: a Popular Account of the Nature, Habits, and Functions of Marine Animals. By Lascelles Wraxall. This Work, based on a German compilation, by Dr. George Hartwig, has been revised by Mr. Francis Ainsworth, F.R.G.S. 8vo. 2s. 6d. London: Houlston & Wright.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Ebony Idol. A Novel, written by a Lady of New England.

Life of William T. Porter, late Editor of 'Porter's Spirit of the Times.'

Recollections of a Military Officer of Marengo. By General Cler.

Hopes and Fears. By the author of the Heir of Redclyffe.

A Run Through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict.

Studies in Animal Life. From Early Sheets.

Macaulay's New Miscellanies.

Steam Navigation. By Robert Murray. From the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.'

Steam and Steam Engines. By David Kinnear Clark. From the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.'

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

The Actress in High Life. An Episode in Winter Quarters.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Curiosities of Natural History. Second Series. By Francis T. Buckland.

Studies in Animal Life. By George H. Lewes.

Our Year. By Miss Muloch.

Studies from Life. By Miss Muloch.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

Village Pelles. By the author of Mary Powell.

The Bateman Household, and What Became of Them.

The Eighth Commandment. By Charles Read.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, July 14, 1860.

A Review of an Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspeare, folio 1632; and of certain Shakspearian Documents, likewise published by Mr. Collier. By J. O. Halliwell (Beutley), also the Reply of Mr. J. Payne Collier to the Inquiry. Reprinted from the 'London Athenæum,' of the 18th of February, 1860. For private circulation. By Charles U. Fredericksen. New York. 1860.

Corn in the Blade. Poems and thoughts in Prose. By Crammond Kennedy, with an Introduction by C. B. Conant. 12mo. pp. 213. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Lichen Tufts from the Alleghanies. By Elizabeth C. Wright. 12mo. pp. 228. New York: M. Doolady. 1860.

Appletons' Companion Hand Book of Travel, containing a full Description of the principal Cities, Towns, and Places of Interest, together with Hotels, and Routes of Travel through the United States and the Canadas. With Colored Maps. Square 12mo. pp. 285. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life. By Francis Copcutt. 12mo. pp. 250. New York: S. A. Rollo. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

Bentley's Miscellany, for July, contains: Oringdean Grange: a Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., concluding Part—Brighthelmstone in 1651; a Few Failures (Outremanche Correspondence, No. VI.); Jens Adolf and Elisabeth Jerichau, by Hans Christian Andersen; Rivers, and their Associations: Gurney; or, Two Fortunes, a Tale of the Times, by Dudley Costello; Mal de Mer, by Monkshood; Cayenne, a Penal Settlement; Couchus and Courtship, or, the General's Match-Making.

The Cornhill Magazine, for July, contains: The Four Georges: Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life; I. George the First; Physiological Riddles, I. How we Act; Men of Genius, by Matthew Arnold; Framley Parsonage, Chapter XIX., XX., XXI.; Vanitas Vanitatum, by W. M. Thackeray; Electricity and the Electric Telegraph; The Portent, III. The Omen Fulfilled; a Musical Instrument, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (With an Illustration); Adulteration, and its Remedy; William Hogarth: Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher, essays on the Man, the Work, and the Times; The House that John Built; Roundabout Paper, No. 5.

Colburn's New Monthly, for July, contains: Sicily; East Lynne, by the author of Ashley, Part the Seventh; The Chancellor L'Hopital, by Sir Nathaniel; The Belles of the Island, a Colonial Sketch, by Mrs. Bushby; The Morris-Dancers, by W. Charles Kent; Little Grand and the Marchioness; or our Maltese Peerage; Our National Defences; Eastern Africa; Fitzpatrick's Memoir of Lady Morgan; Garibaldi, etc., etc.

Dublin University Magazine, for July, contains: The French Treaty of Commerce; Palæontology, Part II.; The Work-a-Day World of France; Vonved the Dane; Count of Elsinore, Part VII.; Tennent's Ceylon; Ricasi, by Professor De Vericour, Part I.; M'Cosh's Intuitions of the Mind; The National Institution; The History of Jurisprudence; Found at Sea; The Marshalls of Napoleon the Great, Part II.; Nature-Pictures; Foreign and Domestic Politics.

Blackwood's Magazine, for July, contains: The Secret History of the Russian Campaign of 1812—Sir Robert Wilson; Captain Speke's Adventures in Somali Land, Part III.; Poetry; Judicious Puzzles—The Campden Wonder; The Royal Academy and other Exhibitions; Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography—Part VI.; an Election in France; Krunays; the Reform Bill and the Tory Party.

The Westminster Review, for July, contains: Strikes: their Tendencies and Remedies; The Mill on the Floss; Rawlinson's Rampton Lectures for 1859; The Postoffice Monopoly; Ary Scheffer; The Irish Education Question; Germany: its Strength and Weakness; Thoughts in Aid of Faith; Grievances of Hungarian Catholics; The French Press; Contemporary Literature.

Macmillan's Magazine, for July, contains: Swiss French Literature—Madame De Gasparin, by J. M. Ludlow; The Fair at Keady, by Alexander Smith; The Social and Economical Influence of the New Gold, by Henry Fawcett; The Volunteer's Catechism, with a Few Words on Butts, by T. Hughes, Captain Commanding 10th Middlesex, and J. C. Templer, Captain Commanding 18th Middlesex (Harrow Rifles); Tom Brown at Oxford; Chapters XXII., and XXIII.; "All's Well"; My Friend Mr Bedlow, or, Reminiscences of American College Life, by Carl Benson, author of Five Years in an English University; an Eastern Legend Versified, by the Rev. Charles Turner; Mrs. Jamieson and Female Schools of Art, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice; Garibaldi and the Sicilian Revolution, by Aurelio Saffi; The Boot, Translated from the Italian of Giusti.

Fraser's Magazine for July contains: Froude's History of the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary; Wheat and Tares: a Tale—Part VII.; The Volunteer Course at Hythe School of Musketry, by Viscount Bury, Lieutenant-Colonel, Civil Service Regiment; Oryll Grange, by the author of "Reading Hall,"—Chapters XV. to XVIII.; On the Importance of Energy in Life; Physical Theories of the Phenomena of Life, by Wm. Hopkins, F.R.S.—Part II.; An Old Bad for New Posts; The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century—conclusion; A Plea for Truth in Advertisements; Social and Political Life Five-and-Thirty Years Ago, by a Man on the Shady Side of Fifty; Saint Brandan, by Matthew Arnold; Chronicle of Current History.

Special Notices.

Gouraud's Philosophy of the Finger Nails.

No. IV.

As nails are formed, we have said, by the skin of the finger attaching itself tightly to the nail—and thereby cracking and splitting. Many persons are in the habit of cutting this pellicle, in order to separate it from the nail. This is very unwise, as it not only causes the skin to become exceedingly irregular, but it is also highly injurious to the beauty and growth of the nail. When the skin becomes thus fastened, all that is necessary is to wash the fingers in strong suds, made by using Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. The practice of picking under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of sharp scissors, is also very reprehensible, as the nails thereby frequently receive great injury. The nails can be thoroughly cleansed without this foolish operation, simply by washing them in tepid water, using nothing but Gouraud's Soap, and a towel to push the skin back occasionally.

(To be continued.)

This inestimable Soap is well known to be the only article which will positively remove tan, freckles, sallowness, sunburn, ringworm, chaps, cracks, chafes, redness, roughness, etc. It can be used in hard or salt water, and is excellent for shaving. Gouraud's Poudre Subtile, strange as it may seem, will actually extirpate all superfluous hair to which they may be applied! Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye imparts a noble hue to red, light, or grey hair, the instant it is applied, without staining the skin. Gouraud's Liquid Rouge is a magnificent carmine preparation for pale cheeks and lips.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, for instantaneously giving a delicate whiteness to the complexion. Beware of an imitation by the counterfeiter of Burnett's Cocoaine.

Ten thousand souls like his might lie
Wedged in a cambric needle's eye.

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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship EDINBURGH, for Liverpool, Saturday, July 14th, will close at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

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Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1860.

HOW TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.

Daniel Webster is reported to have said, on a certain festive occasion, and in a moment of excitement, "The "National Debt of this country, Mr. President, will "be paid, must be paid, shall be paid; if necessary, "I'll pay it myself."

But, unfortunately, Mr. Webster died before he had time to attend to the matter, and accordingly the debt remains unpaid.

But the amount is very small, say way,—only a few millions,—and Brother Jonathan has only to economize a little, for a week or two, and the trifling account will be settled.

Not so with the National Debt of England, which amounts to some hundreds of millions, and has been standing so long that all hope of its ever being paid was given up long ago.

Nevertheless, various fiscal geniuses have from time to time proposed schemes for its payment, but as the said geniuses have rarely been able to manage their own financial matters, they have never been able to get a fair hearing. Moreover, their schemes have been wild and impracticable on the face of them.

A famous teetotaller, for instance, proposed that the Debt should be paid by every Englishman giving up his beer; but Englishmen would as soon think of giving up the ghost.

A member of the Peace Society, again, proposed that the Debt should be paid by abolishing the army and navy, and settling all international quarrels by arbitration; but as John Bull would rather fight than work, this wouldn't do.

And so on to the end of the chapter, until Fourier proposed that the debt should be settled by a Congress of Hens, each of which should lay aside a certain number of eggs per day for that express purpose; but neither John Bull nor the Hens could see it, and this scheme, like the rest, went to the dogs.

Under these circumstances, it may be slightly presumptuous for us to bring forward any scheme of the kind, but the truth is that one has occurred to us this last week which is so simple in itself, and so easy of execution, that we feel certain it will commend itself at once to every sane mind.

Not to detain the anxious reader any longer, we will at once proceed to lay our scheme before the public, asking only in return that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer immediately put our name on his pension-list.

The scheme is simply this:

I. That all the members of the Royal Family of England shall, in turn, visit every nation on the globe, beginning with 'the smartest nation in all creation,' and exhibit themselves to the inhabitants thereof at so much a-head, ranging from say a thousand dollars to twenty-five cents, according to circumstances.

II. That the same course be pursued by the members of the House of Lords, the members of the House of Commons, the editors of *Punch*, the *Times*, etc., etc., etc., including all the distinguished persons in the realm, from the Queen down to Martin Farquhar Tupper.

Now what plan could be more simple or more sublime? The entire Flunkeyism of the world would at once come forward to its support, and, organized under such a man as Barnum, or Bonner, with some Orator, Patriot, sage, Cicero of America, Apostle of Charity, Friend of Mankind, etc., etc., to speak in its behalf, it would be sure to be crowned with the most brilliant success.

Moreover, now is the time to begin, since all Flunkeydom is alive and fluttering at the prospect of a visit from his Royal Highness Albert-Edward, Prince of Wales, who was born of rich but respectable parents, on the 9th of November, 1841, and is the Heir more or less apparent of the throne of Great Britain and Ireland.

Let us make a simple calculation, beginning with the Royal Family.

There are probably in these States some thirty millions of people who would give almost anything they have in the world to look upon the humblest member of that distinguished Household.

Judge, then, of the sacrifices they will be ready to make to see with their own eyes the veritable Prince of Wales.

But let us put down the whole family in order, and make a proximate statement of what each of them will be able to collect, at a fair average rate per head, estimating the number of spectators at 20,000,000:

Queen Victoria, $50 per head	$1,000,000,000
Prince Albert, $30 "	600,000,000
The Prince of Wales, $20 per head	400,000,000
The Princess Royal, $10 "	200,000,000
Alice Maud Mary, $10 "	200,000,000
Alfred Ernest Albert, $10 "	200,000,000
Helena Augustus Victoria, $10 per head	200,000,000
Louisa Carolina Alberta, $10 "	200,000,000
Arthur-Williams-Patrick Albert, $10 per head	200,000,000
Leopold George Duncan Albert, $10 "	200,000,000
Beatrice-Mary-Victoria-Feodore, $10 per head	200,000,000
Total	$5,400,000,000

Think of it, Fifty-Four Hundred Millions of Dollars out of the Royal Family alone!

We leave the rest of the calculation to the reader, adding only that nothing can be clearer than that from this one country money enough might be collected in less than ten years to pay off the entire National Debt of England.

Our people would pay *something* to see anybody; we would pay a shilling, ourself, to see Tupper, while to see Tennyson we would sell our last pipe.

We mean no disrespect to any of their Royal Highnesses in making the suggestion, but we cannot help saying, in conclusion, that in addition to gratifying a whole nation of Flunkeys, they would, by the course proposed, have a chance to show that one may belong to a Royal Family and still be of some practical use to the world.

This consciousness alone would amply repay them for all the sacrifices required, and they would return to Windsor Castle wiser and happier members of society.

As for the great and independent American people, by the time they had got through their ten years' Flunkeyism, they would probably give up the habit forever, and feel that they had thus accomplished two great things, to wit: paid off the debts of their respected old mother, and cured themselves of what had been considered an ineradicable vice.

So mote it be.

EARLY PIETY.

'Corn In The Blade,'—it ought to have been 'Corn In The Head,'—is the title of a book containing 'Poems, and Thoughts in Prose,' written by a young person named Crammond Kennedy, and published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of this city.

Mr. C. Kennedy is, we believe, a pious person by trade, and sometimes denoted as 'The Boy Preacher.' His book, at any rate, is in that line of business.

We have, in time past, had occasion to read a great many stupid books; we have also been many times impelled to observe the presumption of their authors; but never until now have we adequately realised the depth of bathos to which stupidity can descend, or the height of presumption to which it can tower.

Of both these possibilities, however, Mr. C. Kennedy's 'Corn In The Blade' gives us what he would probably describe as 'a realising sense.' We assure our readers that it is, in these respects, the most extraordinary performance of modern times; that it is warranted sound in wind if not in limb; that it presents a most refreshing spectacle of early piety; and that it is in an eminent degree calculated to 'wake the secret source of sympathetic tears.' In view of these interesting facts we shall not refrain from an humble effort to do it justice.

Describing Mr. C. Kennedy's book in mild and general language, we shall characterise it as the most abominable trash and nonsense; the weakest kind of sentimental twaddle and cant; the feeble babbling of an immature, a narrow, and a naturally bigoted mind. Still further, we are constrained to add that it is introduced with all that Pharisaical ostentation of which only the pulpiteer is capable, and all that emphasis of

And yet Mr. C. Kennedy describes it, in his preface, as an 'unassuming volume!' Let us see. The subject is very suggestive.

There is, in the first place, a portrait of the author, Mr. C. Kennedy, who appears as a raw looking youth, gotten up without regard to expense or anything else, with sedate garments, ingenuous hair, and a pervasive conviction that 'youth is the time to serve the Lord.' Beneath this sanctimonious presentment is a facsimile of the author's autograph, which appears to be in a decidedly flourishing mercantile condition, and makes us regret that he wasn't long ago secured to the holy cause of commerce. Then follows the Preface, a most remarkable document, wherein Mr. C. Kennedy observes that 'some may smile,'—which we think very likely; that the 'literary quality' of his earlier poems 'might be improved,'—which is severely true; and that he has 'made every effort to rid his later productions of errors and inelegancies,'—which it is painfully evident has proved ineffectual. He also pays a slab-sided compliment to the cloth, remarking that many of his compositions have appeared in religious papers, and that 'this he regrets, because, *even then*, by a little exertion, he could have made them more perfect as literary productions.' Probably! At last Mr. C. Kennedy fills up the measure of his presumption and '*humbly dedicates this little volume to God, his Saviour.*'

At this point an individual named Conant comes to the rescue with what he calls an 'Introduction.' Conant is also in the trade—so extensively in it that his Introduction seems to be all done up in white bandages. The person who said that nobody was ever half so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, wouldn't have tolerated even Solomon along side of Conant. Conant is the owl of the pantomime. Tuwhit, tuwhoo, says the owl; let brother Kennedy chant. A man must speak his own thought in his own way; if true, it will live—if false, it will die. Accept the dew of youth. Bear with its inexperience. Consider the impulsiveness of genius. Note the marked poetic fancy, the devout spirit, the docility of the stripling! And then follows a Biographical Sketch of Mr. C. Kennedy.

'Unassuming!' Of course it is! Kirke White and Cowper have biographies; why shouldn't C. Kennedy have one?

Passing on to a brief examination of the poems, we shall perhaps discover what it is that may be considered worthy of a dedication to God and an Introduction by Conant.

There are five divisions of this volume. There are 'Devotional Pieces,' 'Pieces on Nature,' 'Hymns,' pieces entitled 'Joy in Sorrow, Life in Death,' 'Pieces of Sentiment,' and 'Miscellaneous Pieces.' These divisions, however, are only such in name, the entire volume being devoted to announcements of its author's religious creed and religious emotions.

With the abstract piety of Mr. C. Kennedy we have no concern. It does not appear to us either peculiar or important. But we humbly submit that piety is not poetry, and that any person who, like this Boy-Preacher, exploits it in place of genius, which he does not possess, and of literary excellence, which he does not even approximate, must render himself extremely liable to blunt and decisive criticism. Those who love literature will never permit its profanation, and those who despise cant will never allow it to pass unrebuked.

As it may enlighten and refresh the minds of our readers to behold a few specimens of Mr. C. Kennedy's 'devout spirit' and 'marked poetic fancy,' we shall here present some choice selections of 'Corn In The Blade.' The following passage, from a poem on 'The Love of Christ,' is very cheerful, and indicates a very benevolent state of mind for a boy to be in:

"When breathing shall be hush'd, and silence deep,
And still as death's unbroken, dreamless sleep,
O'er all shall reign, the awful Book of Fate
Will open'd be; the everlasting state
Of an assembled universe ordained,
And Satan, rampant now, forever chained;
When Christ, the Judge exclaims, in righteous ire,
'Depart!' ye cursèd, to eternal fire!'
His love will guard 'His own.'

When, horror-struck, the damned shall hoarsely call,
'Ye rocks and mountains, hear, and on us fall!
O! hide us from the piercing eye of Him,
Who sitteth on the Throne!' When Hell, so grim,
Shall ope his burning mouth, and fiercely cry,
'Ye who are doomed th' eternal death to die,
Enter the drear abode of endless woe!'
When, wailing, into punishment they go,
Christ's love will save 'His own.'"

Another delectable bit, in the same vein, is called 'An Appeal':

"I hear a voice from heathen lands,
The Macedonian cry comes o'er
The bosom of the heaving sea
And soundeth on Columbia's shore.

"It tells of darkness, Stygian gloom
Which everlasting being shrouds,
Of superstition's blinding veil
Which wraps the Deity in clouds.

"It speaks of souls, undying souls,
Descending swiftly down to hell,
While in the Paradise of God
A host of ransomed spirits dwell."

This picture is certainly engaging. Bad for the heathen, perhaps, but very liberal on the part of Kennedy. Indeed, considering how 'flat and unprofitable' the world must be to that promising young man, his generosity is something admirable. Regard the following genial utterance:

"The world's a peopled burial-ground
The dying and the dead abound;
The quick among the dead draw breath.
Yet *die without a thought of death!*
We gaze upon a marble brow,
And o'er a rigid corse we bow;
We look upon the glassy eye,
Then shed a tear, or heave a sigh."

Yes; perhaps we do.

Another festive passage speculates rather pleasantly about the soul of the late T. Chatterton. His soul, says Kennedy,

"His soul, that might
Have drunk deep draughts of joy divine in Paradise,
Id lost forevermore; his soul that might have praised,
With all the ransomed hosts of hear'n, redeeming love,
Perished, for aught we know, eternally.
"Great God!

And then comes the following explanatory note, regarding which we can only remark, in the memorable language of Squeers, 'Here's richness!'

"It is not, as the reader will observe, asserted, without qualification, that the Poet perished eternally, but it is only affirmed that, for aught we know, his soul was lost. And this conclusion, as a matter of course, is based upon the hypothesis that the doctrines of Christianity, as interpreted by what are named 'the evangelical denominations,' are divine."

This is good; but 'the Boy' is always strong on his notes. Consider the terse simplicity of his introduction to a lively poem on 'Premonitions of an Early Death':—

"Nearly all young sentimental persons, especially if their health is not robust, imagine that they are fated to die at an early age. They frequently nurse this idea until it becomes the cause of sickness, and even of death, itself. Such persons should retire with a clear conscience, at peace with God and man, sleep soundly, rise early, use plenty of cold water, take long walks, eat heartily of plain, nutritious food, do good, and, finally, be more matter of fact.

"Shades of darkness round me gather,
Rising from the tomb,
Veiling all my hopes of glory,
Shrouding me in gloom," etc.

The same practical spirit shines forth in the following energetic apostrophe and 'elegant extract':—

"Young men of America, and of every land! shun and despise the flip, as you would avoid and scorn the very essence of vanity, and the perfect embodiment of selfishness. Never degrade your manhood by imitating its pernicious example, but glory in honest toil.

"A youth should never blush to own
That he has blacked his shoes,
Or sewed a button on his pants,
When he a maiden woos."

No: And we presume a youth should never be ashamed of publishing such dreadful nonsense, or of his impious presumption in dedicating it 'to God, his Saviour!'

In another of his poems, however, Mr. C. Kennedy explains it by describing himself as

"A trickling rill,
Meand'ring down the side of Time's steep hill."

[illegible] ing the steep hill-side of time, that it has to sustain 'a trickling rill' of such very milky water.

So much for the pious twaddle of the Boy Preacher. Setting that aside, his poetic properties are of the stereotyped order. He deals largely in 'sunbeams' and 'moonbeams,' in 'twinkling stars,' 'dew-bathed roses,' 'worlds of beauty,' 'spotless angels,' 'glittering gold,' and 'majesty sublime.' He recognises the 'snowy clouds,' the 'waveless water,' 'Heaven's blue canopy,' the 'orb of day,' and the 'shining tracks' of the same; nor is he oblivious to 'Night's blue vault' and 'starry breast,' to 'shadows' and to 'shades of gloom,' to 'lonely woods,' to 'haunted towers,' to the cries of 'owlets,' to 'the gloomy vale of Death,' and to the generally vivifying influence of funereal things. In the blaze of his ardor, the commonest objects are hallowed by a 'Day and Martin' lustre, and astonished into a devotional condition. Look at these, for example:

"The shades of gloom glide everywhere, and if
The fire emitted not a ruddy light,
Our parlor would be like the soul of man
Without the Gospel, for the curtains keep
The light of moon and stars from shining in."

"A cloud as white as snow arose,
And floated on the air,
It sought the highest heights of heav'n,
Like a believer's prayer.

"Ascending slow, it wooed a star
Into its pure embrace;
I thought me of a gem that decks
A robe of milk-white lace.'

On 'the course of true love,' also, he displays the usual amount of mild sentiment and innocent verdancy. That it 'never did run smooth' seems to be the settled conviction of his ingenuous mind:

"'Tis sweet to be belov'd, and sweet
Love to return;
But blooming roses 'neath their leaves
Oft hide a thorn."

'Such is life!'

But somehow the business of love-making never gets out of fashion—even with the Solemns; and when we read such an invocation as the following, we can't help thinking that the youthful Kennedy has a good deal of rough sailing ahead of him:

"Gaze fondly on me love,
With thy dark eyes,
In whose serenest, liquid depths,
Love's spirit lies.
O touch me softly, love,
A passioned thrill
Will vibrate through my deepest soul,
And my cup fill!"

We sympathise. We are mindful of Carrie-Jane and of cruelty. The wound is recent. The laceration remains. And it is with 'rooted sorrow' that we invite this gushing young saint to consider the words of Goëthe—'true experience is just precisely what an experienced man experiences in experiencing his experiences.'

In conclusion, and speaking earnestly, we dismiss this volume,—portrait, autograph, preface, introduction, Conant, Kennedy, twaddle, and all,—with a solemn protest. Not so much because the book is falsely and insolently vaunted as a work of youthful genius; not so much because it is puerile, senseless, and utterly without merit; but because, being all this, its spirit is the spirit of the Pharisee and the hypocrite, saying always 'I am holier than thou;' because it violates every principle of manhood and every sentiment of pure religion; and because, finally, it reflects that extraordinary and monstrous assumption of sanctity with which clerical persons, cloaking their human nature under the awful dusk of the cloth, impose themselves upon the ignorant and the credulous.

— Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, have just issued, in a handsomely printed pamphlet of 118 pages, under the title of 'The Barbarism of Slavery' the speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, on the bill for the admission of Kansas as a free State, in the United States Senate, June 4th, 1860. The book is accompanied by a lithographic portrait of Mr. Sumner. Price 25 cents.

ART AND POLITICS.

We have lost the Art-Commission.

Everybody ought to care.

Whatever may be said of Art as an influence, as an accomplishment it has certainly and steadily advanced among us, and especially within the last ten years.

Great and original minds are rare in any period and any department. On each continent there may be one or two poets, in every century one or two painters. The number of able imitators, of fine writers, good draughtsmen, and colorists, is unlimited, and their office important. The chasm between poet and poet is bridged over by scholarly appreciation. Second-rate men, by no means creative, help us to understand the masters, and by their reverence for great work keep us prepared for the next avatar of genius.

So second-rate painters keep alive the traditions and methods of Art. They found schools, they discuss principles, they overestimate the masters, and so maintain a standard quite imaginary, above the perceptions of the period. Art is an idea in the minds of these men, and by their means in the public mind, when there is no genuine spontaneous Art production.

These schoolmasters teach us to read, they help teach us how difficult it is to write, whether with pencil or pen, and they are every day improving at their work. From year to year we draw better and color better, from year to year we are less fanciful and sentimental. The number of reputable artists largely increases. The market for pictures improves, till now the demand equals the supply, and good workmen are constantly employed. The best German, French, English works find their way to America. Private collections increase in number and value. Sound knowledge of Art is gaining ground on every hand.

Brown, Crawford, Rogers, Palmer, Huntington, Gray, Lentze, May (we make no exhaustive list), are men abundantly able to speak whatever they may have to say.

A few young men—as Schenseler, Johnson, Darley—have something definite and unmistakable to say. They open to the quick whatever they set before us, and celebrate their own perception.

In illustration—in graphic, off-hand, unpretending, sketchy, newspaper work, whether serious or comic—our improvement is very marked and important. Every man studies the wood-cut. It is a question of public morals whether it shall be well or ill designed and drawn.

In Landscape not only has our progress been rapid and solid, but our performance is now something much more than respectable. No living school is nearer to Nature in feeling or method than our own. In representation we are strong with Church, Bierstadt, Brown, who can paint whatever they see. For emotion and sentiment we look with confidence to Gifford, Hubbard, Kensett, McEntee.

The newspaper reputations of the last twenty years are overhauled. There is public protest against 'Art Items;' against journalism in the interest of artists not of Art; against indiscriminate praise and blame. The absurd and mischievous notices of our annual exhibitions (absurd and mischievous because ignorant, careless, destitute of conscience and conviction) have during the last year or two almost entirely died out of our leading dailies.

The artists begin to feel themselves a power in our community. They find themselves acknowledged educators with position and responsibility. They unite to deliver us from public robbery and disgrace at Washington and in the Capitol.

We have no right to complain of our Congress for giving commissions from time to time, according to such light as the æsthetic lobby could afford. The Rotunda has been adorned with commonplace, respectable compositions, about as good as could be had. When there were no American sculptors of note, Persico was properly enough employed to make the Columbus (engaged by miraculous anticipation in the national game of base-ball), and the adaptations which he palmed on us for original statues of Peace and War. Greenough had also very properly liberal commissions, and was unfortunate in filling them. The naked Jupiter, with a head of Washington in (moral) soap is not altogether to be respected. The backwoodsman in fight with an Indian is honestly intended, but feeble. Its Indian is no Indian, but an antique figure with the traditional, high, bald, round head. The action of the group is weakly planned, and not at all 'gone into.' Repose, in such a struggle, is masterful energy not arrested, half-developed force. The faces, of an antique type are blank; the eyes look vaguely into—immensity. The fight is no fight. Yet it was quite right to give Greenough a commission and opportunity to do his best, as it would have been right to give the same opportunity to Powers, Crawford, Brown, or any sculptor of established repute. Mills had neither reputation, knowledge, or ability, and his employment was a piece of sheer lobbying, an imposition on Congress and the country.

Recent 'embellishment' of the Capitol has been carried on under a different system, by an incompetent and (so far as the Art is concerned) irresponsible Engineer, who having been charged with the construction of the new building, took upon him clandestinely the decoration, and without warrant from Congress, appropriated a portion of every appropriation for statues, frescoes, bronze castings, and miscellaneous trumpery. This work was never authorized, but only winked at by our legislature and executive. It was, therefore, an abuse in principle, and could never have been justified by the best results. But the results were worse than worthless. Immense sums were spent upon unmeaning frescoes, furnished by foreign mechanics, while our native, and all respectable artists were excluded from the work by the terms and conditions prescribed. Many experiments were made; there was no general plan of decoration; the amount of ornament was excessive, the quality beneath criticism. One or two American sculptors alone received any share of this National 'patronage.'

Plainly the work should have represented the Art, such as it is, of our own country and time, should have illustrated the genius, energy, enterprise, heroism of American men. America should have reappeared in the Capitol.

The artists united to protect themselves and the nation. They proposed the obvious and indispensable appointment by Government of a Commission of Experts. For an engineer and military officer, they proposed to substitute three working artists, who should furnish, first, a comprehensive plan of decoration, under which every historic event and character should appear in proper place and prominence. The discovery, Indian conquest, settlement of the country, the Revolution, and establishment of our Government, the progress of our agriculture, navigation, commerce, all varied interests which have made and are making us a new nation, should have due emphasis and proportion in the scheme, so as to present a rounded image of our greatness in the whole, with opportunity for endless addition of particulars in subordinate parts of the design.

The execution of this plan occupying many years, never to be hurried or suspended, should still and continually be committed to men of known artistic intelligence, culture, and integrity. Whatever might be the value of the work actually contributed, the system would be in itself the very best conceivable National Academy of Design, a working school of National Art. It would furnish the perpetual stimulus of opportunity to the artist, it would call public attention imperatively to his work, it would excite an earnest competition, and standing open year after year, yet always progressing, would, if history and fact were strictly made conditions of acceptance, breed of itself inevitably a new race of artists more robust and veracious in their practice than any we have known.

The design was above suspicion or objection. The Commission was appointed, and its first report, a vigorous and dignified programme, gave general satisfaction. Scoundrelism pulls its wires from behind, a vote is taken

Dramatic Feuilleton.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I wrote a very entertaining Feuilleton last Thursday, and then, like the authoress of 'Nothing to Wear,' went and lost it in an omnibus, where I am afraid some two-penny critic has found it, in which case, General, keep a sharp lookout for something bright in one of the Sunday papers.

I don't know what it was all about; but, as near as I remember, there was some allusion to the theatres in it, besides a deliberate attempt (of this I feel quite sure) to execute a portrait of John Brougham, which I incline to think was done in a style equal to the execution of Hicks.

And now, General, what am I do? I can't do John Brougham again, that's certain. Besides, what is the use of doing him? He is going to Europe next Wednesday, and it wouldn't do him any good, as Paddy said of the pig, if he were done to death. Suffice it, then, to say that he is going to take his Farewell Benefit to-night, at Nixon's, where the first act of Columbus, with the whole of Pocahontas, and the Irish Tiger, will be given—and given I trust to a crowded house.

If he were a woman, I'd go and throw a big nosegay at him.

I say 'nosegay' because the *Evening Post* says it isn't pretty, besides not being English nor even American, to say bouquet.

And then nosegay sounds so sentimental and lady-like.

Whoso would write pure English should give his days and nights to the *Evening Post*.

Addison is played out.

But that doesn't matter, John Brougham isn't; so go and see him to-night and give him three times three and (in the absence of a nosegay) a tiger.

And, apropos of Brougham, let me report a colloquy I heard the other night between two Buckeyes as they were leaving Nixon's:

'Don't you think Columbus a little rowdy?' says Buckeye No. 1.

'Rather,' says Buckeye No. 2; 'but you know John has to adapt himself to his audiences. You don't think he'd try that on in Cincinnati, do you?'

Buckeye No. 1 rather thought he wouldn't.

Whereupon the Subscriber smiled.

And Dolly Davenport being near, he smiled too.

I beg the Buckeyes' pardon for reporting such things, but if I were writing for a Cincinnati paper I shouldn't.

By the way, I saw one of the Ohio youths the next evening at Charley White's 'Opera,' and I thought he too adapted himself to his audience.

The young ladies there thought so too.

In fact, take it altogether, the adaptability of human nature is very wonderful.

If it wasn't, how should I be able, under my present 'lost, strayed, or stolen' circumstances, at this eleventh hour, to write these brilliant sentences?

By the way, it just comes to me that my poor lost pleiad of a Feuilleton contained a very touching account of the sale, last Tuesday, of some of Burton's theatrical effects, including his old theatrical clothes, and a good many old theatrical manuscripts, which didn't exactly belong to him.

Some of the real owners of these manuscripts were present at the sale, and had the pleasure of seeing them sold, like poor apples, at 'three for two cents.'

I fancy I see any of the poor fellows putting their trust in managers again!

Think of writing a play, reading it to all your friends, having them all pronounce it to be the 'play of the period,' sending it to some Burton of a manager, waiting days, weeks, months for a reply, calling fifty times at the theatre to inquire about it, and getting insulted each time, and finally having to see it sold at public auction for less than a penny to some country manager who thinks perhaps of trying it on in Cincinnati!

But to return to the general sale. It was about as interesting as a sale of old clothes in Chatham street, and brought together,—with a few exceptions,—about the same class of persons.

I didn't have any sentiment myself on the occasion, but I thought other people who like Burton much better than I ever did, would have.

But not so.

The identical rig,—tarpaulin, pea-jacket, hook, watch, spoons and all,—in which 'the greatest comedian of his time' played Captain Cuttle, brought seven dollars.

The Toodles, the Aminidab Sleek, the Paul Pry, and other 'costumes,' were sold at about the same rate.

The purchasers, for the most part, looked like second-hand dealers in what they could get hold of.

And in this case they got hold of a very bad lot.

There was scarcely an article to be found among the whole mass of tawdry and dirty 'costumes,' to recall any period in the world's history, or any person that ever lived, except William E. Burton, who always reminded me of the person who 'spent more time upon his toilet than any man in Europe, and with the sorrowfulest results.'

All which may sound very ill-natured, to you, General, in which case I take it back.

And now a passing word about the theatres, and I have done.

The Tycoon has had a brilliant run at Jefferson's, and is to be kept on its feet until Monday week, when it will give way, with Japanese dignity and grace, to 'Our American Cousin,' which is to be brought out *with the original cast*, and on the most approved Sothern principles.

A Dundreary prospect!

Next Monday Mrs. Wood is to take her benefit, when she will appear (to her usual advantage) in Tycoon, and in the Woman and the Artist, which at the risk of being reproached with ignorance, I confess never to have heard of before, though it must be a good thing to do, or my Wood wouldn't do it.

(N.B.—That's what I call criticism.)

Jefferson, too, is going to have a benefit, and without wishing to use strong language, I think he deserves one. It is to come off next Friday or thereabouts, when Tycoon will make his last appearance but one, and Paul Pry—Jefferson's own Paul Pry—will make his first appearance, though I trust not his last (on the stage) for the season.

Meanwhile I am curious to know what is going to become of SIMMONS. He reminds me of a conversation I heard, a year or two since, out in Indiana, between a couple of hog-drivers:

'Jim is a real good fellow,' said one of them, 'one of the best fellows in the world, but I tell you, sir, that he'll never make a hog-driver.'

Now, it is my opinion that Simmons will never make a low comedian.

Apropos of Benefits, Mr. Calvin Edson Blake is to have one, and if the weather is not too hot for my too, too solid flesh to stand it, I mean to be present, and unmindful of his size or sex, to present him with a fragrant and gigantic nosegay—an article which I think I have alluded to in this Feuilleton once or twice before.

It is to come off (the Benefit) on Thursday, July 19th, at the Winter Garden. The particulars are not yet announced.

I invite you, General, to be present with all your family.

N. B.—No free admissions.

Next Tuesday, Mr. W. J. Florence, assisted by the rest of the couple, will take a Benefit at Wallacks, and play in John Brougham's new and sparkling Burlesque, 'The Great Eastern;' he will also figure as Toodles, and as he bought Burton's costume for the part, I presume he will crowd himself into it on this occasion, if he has to do it within an inch of his life.

And now, O General, I feel as if I should like a Benefit myself; so, apologizing for all the lacks in this shambling epistle, I will at once go down to Coney Island and take one, in the deep deep sea.

Yours, swelteringly,

QUELQU'UN.

A THEATRICAL EXHIBITION.

A delightful treat was recently afforded to those interested in the London stage-world. At Maybury, near Woking, the Prince-Consort laid the foundation-stone of a Royal Dramatic College. On the occasion there was a Fancy Fair, at which the following fair votaries of the dramatic art presided: Mrs. Billington, Miss Buffton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Herbert, Miss Katherine Hickson, Miss Kate Kelly, Miss Marston, Mrs. Frank Mathews, Mrs. Alfred Mellow (née Woolgar), Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Murray, Miss Neville, Miss Oliver, Miss C. Saunders, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss H. Simms, Mrs. Sterling, Miss Swanborough, Miss E. Thorne, Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Wyndham, and Mrs. C. Young.

Was not this, asks a London letter-writer, a treat to a stage-struck youth or elderly swain? Imagine the delight of approaching and being able to converse, through the medium of purchase, with all or any of the divinities of the theatrical theocracy! 'Small profits and no return of change' was the mercantile principle of the 'presiding goddesses' of the stalls. 'Charming Miss Sedgwick, the fair manageress, Miss Swanborough, Miss Wyndham, with the wondrous legs, pretty Miss Oliver, and the arch and saucy Miss Marie Wilton,' were said to have realized the largest amounts by selling oranges at 2s. 6d. each. *Punch*, who is always about—the old rat—had something to say about this affair. He dreams poetically of a visit to Maybury:

Half-a-dozen Thalias at once from its bias
 My adamant bosom distractingly drew;
In the guise of stage-ladies, whose dangerous trade is
 To turn young men's heads with their charms ever new.
Amy Sedgwick the gracious, and Woolgar vivacious,
 And Wyndham, in graceful luxuriance, was there;
While Swanb'rough the stately, swarm round me sedately,
 And whisper'd, 'You're welcome to our Fancy Fair.'

Half-sighing, half-smiling, my senses beguiling
 Now to tears, now to smiles, Muse of pathos and fun,
Came bright Fanny Stirling, two banners unfurling—
 Thalia's Melpomene's wreathed into one.
Terpsich'res a trio, con fuoco, con brio,
 Came whirling and waltzing, in muslins so light,
And my throne archly dipt to, now crouching, now tip-toe,
 As Leclerq, Lydia Thompson, and brave Rosy Bright.

And then I was aware of the bright golden-hair
 Of Erato thrillingly sweeping my brow;
I snapped, and with rapture, embracing my capture,
 Cried 'Muse of Love-poesy, say, is it thou?'

She struggled, untwining those ringlets gold-shining,
 And exclaimed, 'Mr. Punch, at my stall please apply.'
And from my grasp whipping, her locks perfume dripping,
 The lithe form of Herbert swept fleetingly by.

Clio, grasping her roll, was at hand to console—
 Under Heath's tender glances I knew the chaste Muse;
'There's fancy and fable, dear Punch, at my table:
 I shall please you, I'm sure; though I know you hate blues.'
I had followed chaste Clio—° ° ° like Io—
 When at once three Polymnias down on me bear,
As arch Marie Wilton, her wreath'd lips a lilt on,
 And Oliver piquante, and Cotterill fair.

My pockets assailing, alternate prevailing
 Now this way, now that way, poor Punch they incline;
Till their sweet eyes to drink at, he buys toys and trinket,
 As if his poor purse were a Ballarat mine.
So half-charmed, half-confounded, by Muses surrounded,
 And Graces, all potent my coin to evoke,
I kept buying and buying—till heavily sighing
 I found myself fairly cleaned out—and awoke.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The last pictures of the Academy were removed by the owners on Saturday, June 30. The exhibition closed some time before, but the Council having the arrangements in charge kept the pictures together for the purpose of giving the Japanese Embassadors an opportunity of viewing a representative-collection of American art—a matter which the Reception Committee of the Common Council did not, however, think worth the trouble of mentioning to them. Owing to the frequent rains which occurred during the time of the exhibition, the profits did not come up to those of last year. The attendance, nevertheless, was sufficiently large to indicate that the general interest of the public in the Academy-exhibitions is not by any means on the decrease.

The extensive and valuable property owned by the Academy of Design, at No. 661 Broadway, known formerly as the Academy Buildings, but now as Mozart Hall, and embracing 64 by 100 feet in extent, was sold, on the 1st of May last, to the owners of the Stuyvesant Institute. It is the intention to erect a new and extensive building up-town, appropriate for the uses of the Academy. The old Academy Buildings, it will be remembered, were sold many years ago, but, after much alteration by the purchasers, reverted to the Academy in a state so utterly unadapted to their purposes as to be useless. Since that time the National Academy have rented out these buildings and held their exhibitions in Tenth street; and their School of Design, which is now conducted by Prof. Thos. S. Cummings, Professor of the Arts and Literature of Design of the New York University, formerly Vice President, and now Treasurer of the National Academy, has been carried on in the studio of that gentleman, at No. 58 East Thirteenth street.

The new buildings will be on a tolerably large scale; they are to be situated sufficiently up-town to meet the wants of the public. The principal artists and architects of the country have had the plan and features of the proposed new Academy Buildings under consideration for some time, but they have not yet fully concluded their labors.

The Free School of Design supported by the Academy, dwindled down after the sale of the old Academy Buildings, owing to the temporary arrangement necessarily made for its convenience, and the consequent neglect which it suffered from the Academy. Prof. Cummings exerted himself individually in its behalf for two seasons, and the school under his care has been rendered very successful. Last season it was kept open as usual, for five months, from October to February. The attendance of art-students, both professional and amateur, was larger than it ever had been before, as the figures will show: There were 518 in the Antique, and 408 in the Life School, which was a very considerable increase over the preceding season. The excellent opportunities afforded for the study of art in this school deserved to have been appreciated before. The collection of statuary for the Antique School is conceded to be the finest in the country. It embraces 179 figures, carefully collected at great expense, and including the principal ancient and modern masterpieces.

The Life School, draped and nude, furnishes gratuitous opportunities to the student, that could not be otherwise obtained, except at a very exorbitant expense. The School is supported by the receipts of the annual exhibitions of the Academy.—*Tribune*.

—'Corn in the Blade; Poems and Thoughts in Prose by Crammond Kennedy, with an Introduction by C. B. Conant,' is the name of a work published this week by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, who also announce 'Five Years in China, with an account of the Great Rebellion, by Charles Taylor, M.D., formerly missionary to China.'

—Thackeray's lectures on 'The Georges' are to be published in *Harper's Monthly*; the first one to appear in the August number, which will be ready for delivery next week.

— The July number of Thackeray's *Cornhill Magazine* may be had this morning at Brentano's News Depot, No. 636 Broadway, where also may be found the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Critic*, and most of the other English papers. Mr. Thackeray gives us this month the first of his Lectures on the Four Georges.

—The contents of the principal English Monthlies for July, will be found in another column.

THE HANGING.

Who is to blame for insulting the common decency of the community in the arrangements for Hicks's execution? It is bad enough to hang even a dog, much more so a man. One would suppose that the commonest sense of decency would lead those whose duty it is to perform so brutal and outrageous a task to make their shame as secret as possible. If such a duty must be performed, let it be done as all the filthy work of society is done, in the way that shall least offend our feelings or our senses. But in the names of thousands whose daily duties call them in sight of Bedloe's Island, we protest against the intrusion of this shocking spectacle. It is bad enough that a poor half-crazy creature, brutalized by the filth and vice attendant upon poverty, whose ambition to appear a wretch leads him to die with a lie in his mouth, should be hurried into eternity in that condition. It is worse that the living should be forced to see so revolting a spectacle.

It is too foolish to speak of the moral effect of such scenes as beneficial. And it is a serious reflection that we have persons in authority among us who could plan and carry out such shockingly brutal arrangements. If our civilization and the morals of society require that we should maintain such a class, we had better relapse into a decent and human barbarism.

MR. EVERETT AND THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

We notice that Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*, in his recent Fourth of July oration in Boston, makes the very common blunder of supposing that England has a 'written constitution,' upon which the constitution of the United States is modelled.

Now the fact is that England has no constitution at all, and never had. The 'Glorious British Constitution' of which we hear so much, means nothing more nor less than the whole body of her laws, customs, prejudices, etc., which, of course, change with every generation.

To say that anything is contrary to the British Constitution, means simply that it is contrary to British precedent and usage—a fact not known, by the way, to one Englishman in ten.

Indeed, you can't bother an Englishman more, when he is bragging about the 'Glorious British Constitution,' than by asking him at once for a copy of it.

We have had numerous copies promised us under such circumstances, and have greatly enjoyed the confusion of the rash promisers on their discovering for the first time that no such thing ever existed.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The following letters have been received by his Honor, the Mayor, in reply to his invitation to the Prince of Wales to visit the city of New York, in pursuance of the resolution of the Common Council:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
London, 22d June, 1860.

SIR: My letter of the 8th inst., will have informed you of the step taken by me, to apprize the Prince of Wales of the desire expressed by the Common Council of New York that he should visit your great city, at the close of his public duties in Canada.

I have now the honor to transmit a note addressed to me, in answer to my communication, by her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, conveying the gratifying assurance that his Royal Highness, with the high sanction of his illustrious mother and her Government, will meet the wishes of your community. With the highest respect, Sir, your most obedient servant, G. M. DALLAS.

To his Excellency, Fernando Wood,
Mayor of New York.

Foreign Office, June 21, 1860.

The undersigned, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has the honor to acknowledge a communication addressed to him by Mr. Dallas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, containing a resolution expressive of the wish of the Municipality of New York, and of its important and wealthy community, to receive a visit from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his Royal Highness's presence in the colonial possessions of her Majesty. The undersigned, having laid these documents before her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, is commanded by them to express to Mr. Dallas the high sense which they entertain of the importance of strengthening by every means the relations of friendship and regard which bind this country to the United States of America.

When, therefore, the public duties for the performance of which the Prince undertakes the voyage across the Atlantic to her Majesty's North American colonies shall be concluded, both the consideration above referred to, and the natural desire on the part of the Prince to visit some of the institutions, and some of the most prominent objects of interest in the United States, will prompt his Royal Highness on his return from the Upper Province of Canada, to direct his route through a portion of that great country; and that route will include a visit to the important city of New York. The time allowed for this journey, will, however, under all circumstances, be necessarily very limited, and it will be consequently out of the power of his Royal Highness to make a prolonged stay.

His Royal Highness will, leaving the British soil, lay aside all Royal state, and exchange his title, as he has done on former journeys to foreign countries, for that of Lord Renfrew. While thus dispensing with any ceremony which might be inconvenient to the communities which he hopes to visit, he trusts to be enabled as a private gentleman to employ the small amount of time at his disposal in the study of the most interesting objects in the United States, and of the ordinary life of the American people.

The undersigned is directed to request that Mr. Dallas will communicate to his Excellency, Fernando Wood, the expression of the satisfaction felt by the Prince of Wales, upon receiving the resolution of the Municipality of New York and of his hope that toward the latter end of September he may be enabled to pay a visit to the city they represent, and to the mercantile community who have given to him so welcome a testimony of their friendly regard.

The undersigned requests Mr. Dallas to accept the assurance of his highest consideration.

J. RUSSELL.

G. M. DALLAS, Esq.

— The Messrs. Appleton announce as nearly ready for publication a Life of William T. Porter, late editor of *Porter's Spirit of the Times;* The Ebony Idol, a Novel written by a Lady of New England; Hopes and Fears, by the author of the The Heir of Redcliffe; and Reminiscences of a General Officer of Zouaves, by General Cler.

— 'The Actress in High Life: an Episode in Winter Quarters' is the title of a book to be published presently by Messrs. Derby & Jackson.

— Frank Moore's Diary of the American Revolution has been translated into German, and will, we learn, be published in that language simultaneously at Leipsic and in this country. This publication of it without the previous knowledge of the author, may revive the old copyright discussions.

—An illustrated copy of the works of Shakspeare, based upon the text of Boydell's edition, and by the addition of engravings and drawings extended to forty-four large volumes, was recently sold by auction in London. It was formed by the late Thomas Turner, Esq., of Gloucester—the result of many years' enthusiastic pursuit and careful arrangement—and sold for £495. A goblet made from the Shakspeare mulberry-tree, also in the same collection, sold for £21.

—The many valuable books, in their various departments, written and published by William Cobbett, have until recently been published by his family, and being kept out of the ordinary trade-channel, were difficult to procure. They have now passed into the hands of Messrs. Griffin & Co., London, and will in future be more readily accessible. They include his famous 'Grammar,' English and French, Works on Husbandry, and Woodland Culture, The Currency, Rural Rides and Tours in England, and other books, which the author's hearty, vigorous English will infallibly keep alive, apart from the useful information they convey.

— Mr. Richard H. Dana, having arrived at Japan, desired to visit Yeddo, but the conditions of the treaty forbade this, and the request was not allowed.

— Miss S. Williams has undertaken to edit, for the Camden Society, London, the Elizabethan letters of John Chamberlain. These letters record the movements of the Court, the acts of public men, and the general occurrences of the day. All readers of history will rejoice to see them in print.

— Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional 'silver wedding;' that is, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillowcases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit-land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a band of girls in pure attire; there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful hilarity. Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

— On the 27th of June, Prince Albert resigned at Oxford the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We read that 'he was received with the customary acclamations, by a large and brilliant assembly, who filled the Sheldonian Theatre in almost every part,'—a well-guarded statement which carries its truth upon its face. The Prince we are told said 'a few graceful words on the part he himself had taken in watching and fostering the progress of science during the past year,' for which kind act on the Prince's part, we hope science is sufficiently grateful. Should the Prince-Consort follow the example of his son, and visit this country, we hope and trust that he will consult with Mr. Meriam. The world would feel so confident of the progress of science, provided these two distinguished persons should undertake its management.

— The very interesting work on 'Ancient Armor and Weapons in Europe,' by Wm. Hewitt, is just completed by the appearance of volumes second and third, from the Oxford University press of the Messrs. Parker. The substance of the elaborate and expensive works of Dr. Meyrick and others, is given in a portable shape, with abundance of illustrations and existing remains. The period treated of in these latter volumes, is from the fourteenth century, to the disuse of defensive armor in the seventeenth. The Italians and the Spaniards were the last to discard this mode of defense, which had been so long in vogue. How soon English common sense arrived at the same conclusion, is amusingly illustrated in an extract which Mr. Hewitt gives from Sir Richard Hawkins 'Voage into the South Sea,' in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which the old knight says: 'I had great preparation of armors—as well of proofe as of light corsletts, yet not a man would use them, but esteemed a pot of wine a better defence than an armor of proofe.'

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The North American Review.
No. CLXXXVIII.—FOR JULY, 1860.

Contents:

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3.—Hawk's History of North Carolina.
4.—James Gates Percival.
5.—Slavery in Rome.
6.—Jefferson's Private Character.
7.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.
8.—Strauss and the Mythic Theory.
9.—Charities of Boston.
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12.—Ugo Foscolo.
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Europe, the 72d and 73d Years T. S.	To Old Age.
ENFANS d'ADAM	To You }
Poem of The Road.	Mannahatta.
To the Sayers of Words.	France, the 18th Year T. S.
A Boston Ballad, the 78th Year T. S.	Thoughts.
CALAMUS.	Unnamed Lands.
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry.	Kosmos.
Longings for Home.	A Hand Mirror.
MESSENGER LEAVES:	Beginners....Tests.
(To You, Whoever You Are.	Savantism ...Perfections.
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From an article in the NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, *by the Editor*, GEO. S. PHILLIPS (*"January Searle"*):

Walt Whitman's new volume of poems, which he very quaintly calls "Leaves of Grass," has come to hand. We have looked for it with more than ordinary interest, as men look for good tidings from a far country. For this man, we know, has a message, no matter how uncouth the form of it, to deliver to us, and to this generation.

AN AUTHENTIC MESSAGE!

which he has not learned in any school, at second-hand, or gathered from books—or torn from parchment records, long since dead in monastic graves—but

ALIVE WITH GOD AND THE GREAT FIERY HEART OF THE UNIVERSE TO-DAY, FULL OF WILD ELOQUENCE, AND OF ALL MANNER OF INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL MAGNETISMS.

It is now some five years ago, since this author—this Manhattan poet, who gives us so many antique and modern thoughts, so many new, strange, and startling images, and things suggestive of an imagery, which has no material archetype—cast his first grass leaves upon the waters, hoping, as the prophecy declares of all vital things, that he should find them again—and that the world should find them—after many days. We, for one, carefully reading them at the time, had no manner of doubt nor shadow of a misgiving that such in their case would be the issue. And here, after so long a lapse of time,—hundreds and thousands of highly bepraised books, in the meanwhile, having passed through the fires to Moloch, and having been there consumed in the Gehenna Hell which is the just doom-place of rubbish—hundreds and thousands more still following them day by day, and will still continue to follow them until men cease to be fools—

HERE WE SAY IS THIS BOOK OF GRASS LEAVES, AS FRESH AS EVER, AS REDOLENT AS EVER OF MAY FLOWERS, AND MEADOW BLOOM, AND THE AROMA OF WOODS AND PRAIRIES.

We find many things new and old in this book; the old, welcome as the familiar faces of the old Gods to the first lovers and worshippers of the Gods—the new, bright with a radiance which is all their own, and welcome also for their surpassing beauty, and the new life which they bring. For these poems of Walt Whitman are no silly word-catching—no mere musical claptrap done into dainty feet with measured and mathematical precision—but

THEY ARE THE VERY LIFE OF THE MAN,

fragments, both of his body and soul, with a genuine, creative power in them big enough to create a soul under the ribs of death himself.

THE STRONGEST MAN MAY REFRESH HIMSELF AT THE FOUNTAINS OF THIS SHAGGY ABORIGINAL GIANT—WHO SITS ON THE THRESHOLD OF NATURE'S ARCANE—HIS HANDS FULL OF SUNBEAMS; HIS MOUTH MUSICAL WITH SO MANY SWEET LAUGHTERS; HIS WHOLE FACE ILLUMINATED WITH THE WISE AND BENEFICENT MIRTH OF THE ARCANE GODS.

And if any one be inclined to call this rhapsody, let him prove his right to speak by producing his letters of competency. To all cavillers, questioners, and doubters—to all flippant young gentlemen of the French school, who do the brilliant for Bohemian clubs and Bohemian newspapers—to all drawingroom Fire-flies, and Will-o'-the-Wisps in general, who have so much to say and say nothing, we will offer them this admonishment: Hold your peace. This man is not for you, nor such as you. He speaks to men, not to conceited apes, nor to anything of the breed of apes. But if a brave, truthful reader, who is not afraid of hearing much that is too Hebraic to be polite, which any vulgar mind can make vulgar, and obscene even, but which from the author's stand-point is by no means vulgar, but as sacred as the soul itself—if, we say, he be not afraid of such sentences as these, but will bear with them, and get their value out of them, whatever it may prove to be to him, for the sake of other and infinitely better, purer, wiser matters which he will assuredly find in these poems, we can commend and authorize him to address himself straightway to the work.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICAN HISTORY A NATIVE POET SINGS TO US OF AMERICA.

Your ———'s, and ———'s, and ———'s—your male-men writers of all sorts, and your female-women writers of all sorts, may, if they please, and as they please, ignore America and its grand people and institutions, the struggles, battles, and conquests, the hopes, and loves, and hates, and all the fiery passions of the people; may write themselves unbelievers in the destiny of American civilization, atheists to their country, and go along to their lives' end, singing their dead songs about dead Europe, and its stupid monks and priests, its chivalry, and its thing-a-my-bobs called kings—but not so this new comer, and great believer,

THIS DEVOUT AND PROPHETIC SON OF AMERICA, BORN OF THE PEOPLE AND THE SOIL.

For him, to-day is as great as any yesterday; as full, too, of romance and poetry; for he brings with him the eyes to see and the ears to hear, and the words to speak, all the things which he thinketh. God has so gifted this new man, and has so educated him with faith in the present and the actual, in the future and the inevitable.

He sees nothing mean and low, nothing common anywhere around him. He is entranced by the miracle of existence, and wonder worlds open beneath him and around him wherever he walks, whatever he touches.

ALL MATERIAL THINGS ARE SUSPENDED UPON A SCAFFOLDING OF IMPALPABLE THOUGHT—A LIVING SCAFFOLDING OF THOUGHT WHICH, INDEED, IS THE ONLY REALITY; THE MATERIAL, BEING A PHANTASM WHICH IT PROJECTS,

and to which it gives shape and form, motive and activity. This orientalism of vision, however, so far from being offensive, or even obtrusive, is the great underlying charm of the book, and its chief fascination, by which he holds the right reader with a magnetism as strong as the poles. He is the most oriental and the most American of Americans. A strong, practical common sense runs through all his sentences; and he everywhere calls things by their right names, and uses no rose-water. You shall laugh and cry with him—but no man can laugh at him—even in his bluntest, rudest, and most informal speech. We can see that whatsoever appertains to the honor, interest, learning, literature, culture, manners, laws, and government of America, is very dear to him; dearer than all the world beside; and we love him for his love of the great and magnificent land. Legislators and literati, and office-seekers, and brilliant lager-bier drinkers, and grog-drinkers, and the mob who hate law and government, may forget that they are Americans—may defame and traduce their country, sell its honor for a mess of pottage, or try to make it a French stew by inoculating us with French notions, French books, and French morals and habits—but not so, Whitman!

TRUE AS THE NEEDLE TO THE NORTH IS HE TRUE TO HIS COUNTRY, TO THE BRAVE MOTHER LANGUAGE, AND TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

We are well aware, and so doubtless is he, that from the very structure and form of his verse, he is more open to parody and burlesque than any living writer. Smart young gentlemen, of the ginger-beer sort, have tried their hands with immense success at this work—hitting, as usual, the form, and, as usual, missing the spirit, the genius, the fine aroma of thought which breathe through the original.

People call Whitman an egotist—and he is so doubt an egotist of the most imperial sort. But he often speaks in his own name, when he represents the "Cosmos," and all nature and humanity. The reader must not always confound his personal pronouns with the poet's license of universality. He often speaks for the race when he appears to be speaking for himself. There can be no question, however, that

LEAVES OF GRASS ARE, ON THE WHOLE, AS GENUINE A PIECE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS THAT OF AUGUSTINE, OR GIBBON, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF ROUSSEAU.

And for the claims of this book to be called a book of poems, we will venture to say that

There is more True Poetry in it than would float any dozen modern volumes

which the critics dignify with the name of poetry. We have already written so much that we can make no quotations here; but we look in vain out of these pages for any other voice which speaks for America—and speaks for her with equal power.

Readers! we respectfully, earnestly ask you to examine these strong and electric Poems, for yourselves—not flippantly or hastily, for they cannot be reached in that way. Their entire novelty and tremendous intensity will amaze you, and perhaps baffle you, at first;—but a little perusal and study, and *you will be surely, richly repaid*. They are not a mere *book*, like anything previously known, but

FULL OF HUMANITY'S LIFE-BLOOD AND MAGNETISM,

like the close contact of a real face and eyes, the ring of a determined voice, and the grasp of a powerful and sinewed hand.

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AUGUST POTTIER,
W. P. STYMUS.

[From the New Orleans Delta.]

GE-LANG! GIT UP!

The drops of rain were falling fast,
When up through Camp street quickly passed,
An Omnibus, whose driver sung,
In accents of the Celtic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

His mules were lank, his whip was long;
He touched them with the biting thong,
And as they switched their threadbare tails,
This sound the listening ear assails—
Ge-lang! git up!

Along the street, on every side,
Were damp ones waiting for a ride;
They called, they yelled, they raised a fuss,
But cried the driver of the 'bus—
Ge-lang! git up!

"Hold on! hold on!" an old man said,
And waved his hand above his head;
Crack went the whip, and all could hear
A sharp sound echoing on the ear—
Ge-lang! git up!"

"Stop, driver, stop!" a maiden called;
"Stop, stop!" a dozen voices bawled
The driver looked on neither side,
But still in clarion voice replied—
Ge-lang! git up!

Far up the street a sound was heard,
And through the distance came a word
That fell on many a waiting soul
Like Hope's lugubrious funeral toll—
Ge-lang! git up!

That night the driver went to bed;
All through his troubled sleep he said
The same strange words which he had flung
All day from his Jehuic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

[From the New York Herald, June 11th.]

SALE OF BURTON'S THEATRICAL WARDROBE.

The theatrical wardrobe of the late William E. Burton, the celebrated actor, with a large number of manuscript plays, a quantity of sheet-music, and the wardrobe of the Chambers street theatre, were sold at auction yesterday morning, at the rooms of Sabin & Co., Chickering's Buildings, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. The large room was filled with theatrical properties of all kinds and descriptions. Along the centre of the room were hung the character-suits and costlier dresses, while upon tables and in heaps upon the floor were velvets, silks, satins, spangles, armor, swords, stage-properties, and dresses of every imaginable variety, Chinese, French, Grecian, Demoniacal, Roman, Indian, Scotch, harlequin, fairy, amazon, and satirical, so that a native of any country in the world, or out of it, could have been fitted with clothing, of the finest quality and of his native style, upon demand. Like the grave, like Sancho Panza's chess-bag, to which he so aptly compared it, or like the greenroom, Don Quixote's illustration, this auction-room levelled all distinctions, and the ministerial black hung next to the martial crimson; a peasant's dress entangled that of a king; the Grecian toga and the Irish freize compared styles and nativities; Celestial fabrics, warranted from China, half-concealed fairy gauzes; brigand's coats presented arms, as usual, to velvet court-robes; a cardinal's frock kept close by the side of Camille's gown; French uniforms, as at Solferino, confronted the Austrian Grays; the clown's spangles glittered by the priest's cowl, and Falstaff's wide-spread skirts half hid the mummy's hieroglyphics.

There were about one hundred and fifty persons present when the sale commenced, at eleven o'clock A. M., and the number did not materially vary during the day. There were very few bidders, however, and the greater portion of the company were attracted by curiosity. As Mr. Willis, who acted as auctioneer—Mr. Sabin being absent in Europe—repeatedly declared, 'There was much more looking than bidding.' During the morning quite a number of city notabilities dropped in to see these last remains of their favorite actor, and among the distinguished persons in the theatrical world we noticed Messrs. Couldock, Florence, E. L. Davenport, Keats, Coddiss, Wilson, and Price of Boston, Jamieson, Mark Smith, Collins, A. H. Davenport, Fenno, Boucicault, Brougham, Neafie, Pope, Fox and Lingard of the New Bowery, Managers Duffield of Mobile, Thompson of Memphis, Barris of Cincinnati, and but three ladies, one of whom was the well-known actress Mrs. Vincent, and none of whom seemed disposed to appear for this occasion only, in the character of Mrs. Toodles. Several costumers of this city and Boston were also present.

Lots A to F comprised a collection of theatrical music, of little value, and these were mostly purchased by the leader of the New Bowery theatre orchestra, Mr. Eisenwold, at a very low figure, one of the best lots, containing thirty-one pieces, bringing only four dollars. About eight hundred plays, printed and in manuscript, followed in five lots, and of these plays it might safely be said, that all which were good were old, and all which were new were worthless. Mr. Burton had a very bad habit, common to most theatrical managers, of retaining the plays sent him without definitely deciding upon their fate, thus keeping them both from the world and their authors; and it was expected that many a literary bantling would be reclaimed by its fond parient, at a low rate, as a souvenir of the past, and as 'of no value to any one but the owner.' Long separation seemed to have weakened the paternal feeling, however, and the plays sold at waste paper prices, mostly to the Cincinnati manager, the lot averaging about one cent and a-half a play, and some, with parts written out, bringing the enormous sum of eight cents. So dramas, tragedies, comedies, farces, burlesques, comicalities, travesties, extravaganzas, melodramas, sketches, and indescribabilities, acted and unacted, accepted and rejected, successes and failures, went together for a mere song, and received no more favorable notice than that of the auctioneer. In vain attractive titles appealed to hard-hearted bidders. The offer to teach one 'How to Write a Comedy' was as ill-received as the announcement 'I've Eaten my Friend;' the query, 'Where's Barnum?' was only answered by the title, 'At 333 Nassau street;' 'The First Glass of Champagne' was followed by 'My First Fight;' and that by 'Capers at Canterbury;' 'The Man with the Nose' was sold with 'Lunar Caustic;' the 'Lady of Lyons' was bundled off with 'The Cook's Maid,' and neither, we are afraid, 'Will Go on the Stage,' and 'Macbeth,' the genuine, went 'To live in a Glass House.' So the products of many a weary day and anxious night were sold together; the unknown scribbler's weak lines were bound up for once with the immortal words of the great master, and many a play reached, at last, and in a most unexpected manner, its first destination—the public. What a history is connected with those bundles of plays, a history too long and too sentimental to be written here, but which would make the dullest pens and shabbiest rhetoric of those dusty manuscripts endurable, as the sunshine gives a glory even to motes. Each reader must think it out for himself, however, and if any of us recognize, under any of these titles, the productions which we despatched to Mr. Burton years ago, when 'we would be an author,' with a proud consciousness that, though not exactly in Shakspeare's style, they fully equalled his works in merit, let us not only enjoy a laugh at our own folly, but spend a moment in wishing that when we lost these high ambitious thoughts we had retained something of the delight which they once gave us. Even day-dreams, too brightly colored to be real, and bringing with their waking disappointment and the pains of hope deferred, are much better, in this realistic world, than no dreams at all.

The wardrobe of the Chambers street theatre followed suit, at the auctioneer's bidding—for he gave most of the bids—and was soon disposed of, mostly at low prices, though several of the richest suits brought fair prices—a suit bringing $27, a coat $31, and another coat, which was sold at $37, was purchased from the bidder by a private gentleman at $50. The country managers, Fox & Lingard, Joyce and Phillips, costumers, were the principal purchasers of these goods. A lot of character, wigs, of every shade, and suited to every possible cranium, sold well, and were eagerly bid for, the gentlemen of the theatrical profession having an especial weakness upon this head, and a great dislike to displaying their natural hair upon the stage. Indeed, the wigs were the most remunerative feature of the sale, and the most beneficial to the heirs of Mr. Burton, since most of the other articles were sacrificed and brought nothing near their value. The auctioneer conducted matters in a lightning-like style, with a spice of theatrical display, like Charles Matthews in a very talkative part, and his 'A-ha! stand not upon the order of your bidding, but bid at once,' and other travesties of popular quotations were repeatedly applauded by the audience, who clapped and stamped as if the costumes made the room a theatre.

The great attraction of the sale, however, to the curiosity-seekers were the character-dresses of Mr. Burton; and these were surrounded by groups anxiously inspecting them. The prices they brought were not worth mentioning, and great regret was expressed that they should be sold at all, for certainly some of Mr. Burton's friends should have secured these best mementoes of his life and fame. The dresses were exactly as when last worn by the great laughter-provoker, and no attempts at alteration or repairs had been made. Capt. Cuttle's well-known suit, with that wonderful hook, that old tarpaulin, and even the watch and spoons, so often held glittering before Mr. Dombey's eyes, as if some Mexican treasures; and Toodles' black silk tights, his necktie, so independently erect, his two hats, the respectable and the disreputable, and that coat in which it would seem impossible for one to be sober, were sold to Mr. Florence at $12 75. Florence, hoping to catch inspiration from these dresses, in which the character seems immortally fixed, intends to appear, either as Captain Cuttle or Mr. Toodle, at his benefit, when the Summer-season closes. Micawber's shabby coat, and that hat, which seemed always waiting for the nap to turn up—the last dress Burton wore upon the stage in New York—went to Mr. Parker at two and a half dollars. Mark Smith became the purchaser of Sudden's dress and John Jones's coat and vest. That drab suit, with its broad-brimmed hat and inseparable umbrella, in which Burton brought smiles to the faces of the most serious family, was sold to Mr. Wilson, an actor of Boston. And so Van Dunder's tremendous trunks, Bottom's asinine head, the Dromio's facsimiles, Touchstone's jesting hood, Sir Oliver Surface's wrapper, Paul Pry's striped trowsers, the mummy's indescribable hieroglyphical dress, Caliban's horrible skin, Bob Acre's nankeens, and Bumble's beadle uniform, all found purchasers here, and these at prices too small to bear mention. As dress after dress was bid off, it was curiously examined, and then came the remark, 'how very funny he was in the part! No one could play it like him,' and so even these shades of Burton passed away. When every dress seemed so instinct with the character and the man, ready, like the second-hand clothes in Charles Dickens' admirable sketch, to take shape and movement and mimic the life that once filled them, it seemed strange that either the Dramatic Fund or some other of our theatrical associations had not purchased this wardrobe complete, and thus preserved together and unchanged, these last memorials of the greatest comic actor of this or any age.

ARTEMUS WARD ENCOUNTERS THE OCTOROON.

Onto the Wing, April the 17, 18&60.

Surs—It is with no ordinary feelins of shagrin and indignashun that I rite you these hear linse. Some uv the hiest and moast purest feelins which actooate the human hart has been trampt onto. The Amerykin flag has been outeraged. Ive been nussin a adder in my boozum. The fax in the case is these here:

A fu weeks ago I left Baldinsvill to go to N. Y. for to git out my flamin yaller handbills for the Summer Kampane, & as I was peroosin a noospaper on the kars a middle-aged man in speckterkuls kum and sot down beside onto me. He was drest in black close & was appeerruntly as fine a man as ever was.

"A fine da, sur," he did unto me stratewa say.

"Middlin," sez I, not wishin to kommit myself tho he peared to be as fine a man as there was in the world; "its a middlin fine da, Squar," I observed.

"How fairs the ship of Stait in yure seckshun of the kedentry," sez he.

Sez I "We dont have no ships in our stait—the kanawl is our best holt."

He pawsed a minit and then sed:

"Are you aware, Sur, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, gettin up & lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"Its hear, its everywhares," sez he.

Sez I, "whi how yu talk!" & I got up agin & looked awl around, "I must sa, my frien," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kant see nothin of no krisis myself."

I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a sentowrian voice obsarved that ef eny lady or gentleman in that thare kar had a krisis conscealed abowt their persons, they had better projuce it at onct, or suffer the konsequencs. Several indoovidools snickered rite out, while a pooty little damsel rite behind me in a pinc gown made the obeervation, "He, he!"

"Sit down, my frign," sed the man in black close, "you miscomprehend me. I meen that the perlitercal ellermunts air oercast with black clouds, 4boding a friteful storm."

"Well," replied I, "in regard to perlitikul elefunts, I dont know but what thay is as good as any other kind of elefunts. But I make boldly to say that they is all a ornery set, and unpleasant to have around. They air powerful heavy eaters & take up a rite smart chans of room, & besides they air as ugly and revenjeful as a Cusscaroarus Injun, with thirteen inches of corn whiskey in his stummuck."

The man in black kloas seemed to be as fine a man as ever wos in the world.

He smilt and said, "Praps I wos rite, tho it were ellermunts instead uv elerfunts that he wos alludin to," and axed me what was my prinserpuls.

"I haint got enny," sed I, "not a prinserpul. Ime in the show business."

The man in black klose, I will here observe, seemed to be as fine a man as ever there wos in the world.

"But," sez he, "yu have feeling into yu? Yu cimpathise with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-cick, dont you?"

He bust into teers, and axed me if I seed that young lady in the seet out yonder, pointin to as slick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

Sez I, "2 be sure I see her—is she mutch cick?"

The man in black klose wos apperruntly as fine a man as ever wos in the world anywars.

"Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me get my mouth furninst yure ear. Hush—shese a Octoroon!"

"No," sez I, gittin up in an exsited manner. "Yu dont so so? How long has she been in that way?"

"From her airliest infancy," sed he.

"Wall, what ou erth dus she du it fur?" sez I.

"She kant help it," sed the man in black klose, "its the brand of Kane."

"Wel, shede better stop drinking Kane's brandy," I replied.

"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her, not brandy, my frien. Yure very obtoose."

I was konsiderable riled at this. Sez I:

"My jentle sur, Ime a nonresistanter as a giniral thing, & doant want to get up no rows with noboddy, but I kin nevertheless kave in eny man's hed that calls me a obtoose," with which remarks I kommenst to pull off my extry garments. "Kum, on," sez I, "Time! hears a Beniki Boy for you!" & I darnced round like a poppitt.

He ris up in his seet & axed my pardin—and it all was a mistake, that I was a gud man, etsettery, etsettery, & so 4th, & we fixt it all up pleasant.

I must sa the man in black kloas seemed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the wurld.

He sed a Octoroon were the 8th of a negro. He likewise staited that the famaile he was travelin with was formurlie a slave in Mississippy, that shede purchist her freedim, & now wantid to purchis the freedim of her poor old muther who the man in black kloss obsarved, was between 87 years of age, & hed to do all the kookin an washin for 25 hired men, which was rapidly breakin down her konstitution.

He sed he knowd the minit he gased onto my klassic and beneverlunt fase that Ide donate liburally, and axed me to go over and see her, wich I akordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed:

"Yure Servant, marm. How do yu git along?"

She bust in 2 teers & sed.

"Oh, sur, Ime so retchid. Ime a poor unfortunit Octoroon."

"So I larn. Yure ruther more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I, fur I never seed a purtier gal in the hull indurin time of my life. She had on a more anteek barsk & a Poplin Nubier, with Barege trimmin onto it, while her ise & kurls was enuf tu make a man jump into millpond without biddin his relashuns goodby.

I pitied the Octoroon from the inmost recesses of my hart, & hawled out 50 dollars ker slap & told her to by her old muther as sune as possurbul.

Sez she, "Mutch thanks, kind sir."

She then lade her hed over onto my sholeder and sed I was "old rats."

I was astonished to hear this obsservashun, which I knowed was never used in refined society, and I perlitely and emfattercully shuved her hed awa.

Sez I, "Marm, Ime trooly surprised."

Sez she, "Git out. Yure the nicest old man Ive seen yet. Give us another 50"

Had a seleck assortment of the most tremenjis thunderbolts descended down onto me, I coodent have been taken more aback.

I jumpt up, but she ceased my cotetales & in a wild voice cride:

"No, Ile never desert yu—let us fly together to a furrin shoar!"

Sez I, "Not mutch we wont," & I made a powerful effort to get away from her.

"This is plade out," I sed, whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet.

"Leggow my cote, yu scandelus femail," I roared, when she set up the most unearthly yellin & hollerin yu ever heered. The passenjers & jentlemanly konductor rusht tu the spot, & I doant think I ever experiensed such a rumpus in the hull coorse uv my born dase. The man in black kloss rusht up to me & sed:

"How dair yu insult my neece, yu horey heded vagabone? Yu base exhibter of low wax figgers, yu wolf in sheep's kloas!" & so 4th.

I was confoosed. I was a lunatick for the time bein, and offered $5 reward to eny gentleman of good morrill cairactur who wud tell me what my name was & what town I lived into. The konductor kum to me & sed the insulted parties wood settle for fifty dollars which I immejitly hawled out & agane implored sumbuddy to stait whare I was principully, and if I shood be there a great while myself, if things went on as they'd been goin fur some time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octoroons present, "becaws," sez I, "ef there is let them cum along, fur Ime in the Octoroon bizinis."

I then thru my speckterkuls out of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my ise, larfed histerrikully, & fell under the seat. I lay there some time & fell aslepe. I drempt Mrs. Ward and the twins had been carried off by Rynenosserhosses, and that Baldinsvill had been captured by a army of Octoroons.

When I awoke the lamps was a burning dimly. Sum uv the passenjers was a snoarin like pawpusses, and the little damsell in the pinc gown was a singin 'Oft in the Silly Nite.' The onprincipled Octoroon & the miserable man in black cloas was gone, and all of a sudden it flasht onto my brane that Ide bin swindeld. Ile boaste no more of bein smart.

Sorrerfully yures,

Artemus Ward.

[From 'Vanity Fair.']

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

We have always thought Mr. E. Meriam very good at Flash literature: we have always considered him well qualified to 'ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm;' but never till lately did we quite realise his essential intimacy with the elements.

Mr. Meriam is out in the *Tribune*. It is rare to find electricity in the columns of that paper, but wheresoever the Meriam is, there will the Thunder and Lightning be gathered together. So we do not wonder at the pyrotechnical condition of the *Tribune*.

In Lightning itself we have never till now felt that fervent interest which it is so well calculated to inspire. But henceforth it is safe to say that our reverence for Lightning will only be equalled by our reverence for Meriam.

For Lightning, according to Meriam, is a thing to be very much reverenced indeed. It is like almost any poet of tender age, who has a mission to accomplish and a destiny to fulfil. "My long companionship with the records of Lightning phenomena," says Meriam, "have made me familiar with its habits, its labors, and its powers. *It oftentimes exhibits a power of discrimination that would be a bright adorning to the best faculties of the human mind.*" "Its home," he adds, in a moment of inspiration, "is in the clouds of the atmosphere."

We thank Mr. Meriam for these disclosures. He is qualified to make them, and he makes them in a very impressive way. We have no doubt as to his 'long companionship' with 'Lightning phenomena.' He seems to have prosecuted his acquaintance with Thunder and Lightning to the fullest extent of amiable perseverance. 'I searched,' he tells us, 'and *made inquiries of the trees in the forest* in relation to the frequency of their being scathed by Lightning.' We hope the trees were responsive to his inquiries. As to the 'power of discrimination' exhibited by the Lightning, Mr. Meriam records one fact which must convince the most skeptical mind: 'No case of death by Lightning in Boston appears in my records, and *it is rarely that the Lightning strikes in that city*.' Only think what judgment! What a 'bright adorning!' It is not very complimentary to Boston, indeed—this aversion of the Lightning—but it does exhibit great 'power of discrimination.' We don't wonder at it. To keep away from the Hub of the Universe is one of the prettiest ways in the world to exhibit discrimination. To Essex, however, the Lightning is 'a frequent visitor.' Certainly this slight to Boston is very marked, considering that Essex is only an interior and contemptible village, with nothing in it but a Methodist Meetinghouse and some leather straps. Why not have suppressed this cruel truth, O implacable Meriam? Would not the rest suffice? Could we doubt the 'discrimination' of the Lightning! Did'st thou not record that 'in Greenwood Cemetery, occupying four hundred and fifty acres of land, the Lightning has struck but five times during a period of nineteen years? Surely this is 'discrimination,' which will not strike where there are none to kill!

You might have spared Boston, though. Consider, Meriam; it is a *virtuous*, it is a *respectable* city! Let the Lightning go there! Expostulate with the Lightning! Remove its prejudices! You say it is 'sometimes sent for correction, sometimes for mercy, and sometimes for the invigorating of the land.' Let it go to Boston 'sometimes for mercy!' Sometimes for mercy's sake let it go to Boston! As they didn't have the Japanese, at least give 'em a thunder-storm.

Pardon our enthusiasm, Gentle Reader! We love, once in awhile, to say a kind word for the worthy and innocent neglected, if only for the sake of confounding the enemies that denounce us as satirical and misanthropic. Let us say a kind word for Meriam, then, the bosom-friend of Thunder and Lightning! Let us say a kind word for Thunder and Lightning, the bosom-friends of Meriam! And lastly, let us say a kind word for Boston, the metropolis of New England and home of Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*, which, neglected at once by Thunder and Lightning, and Meriam, is so truly

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript.]

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The spirit which seems to pervade the College Government, as manifested in some of its recent acts and innovations of established customs, must be regretted by those who have the interests of the Institution most at heart. We are fully aware that the management of so many students is a difficult, as well as responsible, task; but we might suppose that the men who have passed through the same experience of college-life, would understand that young men are not to be treated as children, and that such a narrow policy is not the one adapted to develop in them that liberality and manliness with which they should be imbued as they assume the responsibilities of active life. Should it not be the policy of the Government to establish confidence and friendly relations between the instructors and the instructed, and to increase all those associations and ties by which young men are, after a four years' residence in Cambridge, insensibly bound? Some of the late measures have certainly not been prompted by such a spirit.

We have been informed that a number of the Senior Class were, for comparatively trivial offences, deprived of their class-day, a day that to them can never be replaced. Report says that the Harvard Glee Club, which has so marvellously raised in the last two years the standard of both sacred and secular music in college, and of which the whole University had just reason to be proud, is forthwith to be disbanded. The difficulty about the inauguration of the new President, and the consequent postponement, is regarded by almost all the Alumni and the citizens of Cambridge who were acquainted with the unfortunate circumstances, as having arisen from injustice towards the Senior Class. By a direct example the principle was inculcated to 750 [in College catalogue, the accurate number of students in University] young men, that when an error has been committed it is not to be righted, but is to be persevered in.

Another innovation has just been announced. None but those who have received honorary degrees higher than Bachelor of Arts are to be invited to the Commencement dinner; and thus all the recent graduates of the college and of the professional-schools are to be excluded, as well as the members of the graduating class. Courtesy, as well as established custom, would include among the number of the guests those whose performances are the main feature and foundation of the day, and whose connection with the institution therewith ceases. In any celebration, or on any public day, are the speakers of the occasion excluded from the entertainment? Would any orator in the land speak when thus insulted? Have not then these young men reason to feel indignant that they should be deprived of the honor which has heretofore been regarded as their right? The dinner itself never amounts to much, as far as our experience goes, but we wish to call attention to the ungenerous principle by which such an indignity is placed on a body of intelligent and spirited young men.

It is certainly a very mistaken policy for any institution thus to alienate the sympathies of those whose ties and associations are severed necessarily by Commencement. Instead of sending each year into the world the one hundred men who are to assume the prominent positions in our land, imbued with energy to do everything in their power to advance the interests of their Alma Mater, the College has given grounds to the graduating class which is about to leave its walls, for a want of trust and confidence. We sincerely hope that the future management of this time-honored Institution of our land may be characterized by a more generous and magnanimous code of principles.

Massachusetts.

WIT OF 'THE TIMES.'

It was currently reported some few weeks since, that a minister of Texas was 'breaking himself of the habit of profane swearing, and learning to read the Scriptures quite fluently.' The Houston *Telegraph* subsequently contradicts this report, and desires to correct the statement, intimating that it originated in malice, and was coined in a spirit of Nothern bigotry. For the credit of the clerical profession in Texas, we are sorry to learn that their reported improvement in the minor morals and manners was premature; but to please the *Telegraph*, we willingly make the correction.

Mr. Breckinridge is said to be the youngest candidate ever nominated for the Presidency. He is but 38 years of age—only three years beyond the age at which a man becomes eligible to that office. His youth, however, can scarcely be urged as an objection. Even had he not reached the age required by the Constitution, he would have ample time to remedy that defect before his election.

The Democratic Party avows its determination of preserving the Union. Can they do it in their great jar?

An exchange says that 'the Democratic Party *lies* at the point of death.' This is only another instance of the strength of the ruling passion.

The Japs were presented with a billiard-table during their stay, and report says that they took to their cues with much aptness. If they did not learn to mind their ps as well, it was no fault of the policemen who had them in charge.

A Democratic paper congratulates its party on having 'got Humphrey Marshall, soul, body, and breeches.' Why should they rejoice? Had they not breaches enough in their ranks before?

Newark is troubled by a set of rowdies who call themselves 'Hog Island Roughs,' when 'Rough Island Hogs,' as a name, would fit them much better.

The Sachems of Tammany are calling on their followers to unite and preserve the Democratic Party. To our thinking there is not much cause for alarm. It is already in a very pretty pickle.

A young man at the West, for a trifling wager, coiled himself between the ties of a railroad track, and allowed the train to pass over him. He escaped with a trifling burn from a coal which dropped from the locomotive. The tender passed over him tenderly, and even the cowcatcher would not condescend to catch a calf.

Dr. Wallace is lecturing to the people of Wisconsin on the density of air. His labor is useless. Every one in that State knows by experience how hard it is to raise the wind.

The aëronaut, La Mountain, in his recent excursion from Troy, was accompanied by a young lady named Moss. We will venture to say that no moss was ever before discovered clinging to a mountain so high up.

VANITIES FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

Con. for the Missionaries.

Why are the Gentlemen of the Japanese Embassy like certain well-known State Bonds?

Because they are Good, but not Convertible!

To the Friends, Lovers Especially, and Countrymen of the Gallant Seventh.

Are you aware that the Camp Scott volunteers are regularly Tattooed every night? It is so, any way.

The Widow's Cruise.

The Lady Franklin Expedition.

Heavy Weight.

According to the arithmetic there are sixteen ounces in a pound. Now almost any dog will weigh at least one ounce, yet good authority assures us that there are between two and three hundred dogs in a Pound uptown. How is this?

The Con. of the Day.

Why was the Japanese Embassy destined to accomplish its object?

Because it was fêted to do so.

Motto for Those who do not Succeed in Getting Appointments in Central Park.

Don't make a Hogg of yourself.

Figurative Language.

A speaker at a late Republican meeting stated that in the contest for the senatorship between the Little Giant and Honest Abe, the former 'bit the dust.' For the benefit of benighted individuals who do not understand hyperbole, we would explain that the dust referred to, was three thousand dollars a-year and mileage.

Ominous.

Notwithstanding the bad split in the Democratic party, the members of both factions are disposed to hope, from the fact that so many rails are required by the Republicans for campaign purposes. It indicates that they also will have to do a great deal of Splitting.

Prophecy by a Poet.

The bird that hovers over the head of the Coming Man, is the Baltimore Aureole!

Very Natural.

We learn without any 'special wonder,' that the delicious dash of Mrs. John Wood's acting and singing in the new piece 'The Tycoon' has put all the young men about town in a Pucker about Persimmons.

The Object of Supporting a Candidate.

To secure his Good Offices.

Documentary.

Having received and examined a large quantity of government reports, we have become convinced that the label 'Pub. Doc.' should be altered to Dry Doc.

Epitaph for the Seal recently deceased at Nixon's.

Rust coelum.

A Matter of Course.

Paterfamilias, whose son is down at Camp Scott just now, need entertain no fears in regard to the future of that young gentleman. Any one who has ever seen the Seventh's boys on parade can tell him that they always Turn Out well.

A True Bill.

The deputation of Boston Aldermen, that lately visited this city to examine our Central Park, reported, we hear, on their return home, that it was something quite beyond 'The Common.'

Spanish Money.

Castile Soap.

A Stronger Man than Dr. Winship.

The Shop Lifter.

Anagram of Ancient and Modern Duelling.

In 1806:—Not Epistolary.
In 1860:—Not Ery a Pistol!

Sparkling Joke.

Our French correspondent attributes the effervescent temperament of the Irish to the fact of their being principally Seltz.

The Bird.

The Republicans propose to change the ornithological symbol of America, by withdrawing the Eagle and substituting the Rail!

Motto for the Highland Regiment.

Knee Plus Ultra.

How Peter Funk avoids Arrest.

By keeping a Good Watch for the policeman round the corner.

For the Trade—North and South.

A Million and a-half of Envelopes
EVERY WEEK.

Samuel Raynor,
No. 118 William street, New York,

Begs leave to call the attention of the "Book Trade" to the Extensive Assortment and Superior Quality of Envelopes manufactured by him.

Having recently enlarged his manufacturing department, he is enabled to make A MILLION AND A-HALF of Envelopes every week, and he will warrant that no other manufacturer can make a better article, or sell cheaper.

His *Self-feeding* Folding Machines, can make as

Perfect Envelopes as De la Rue's in London.

The kinds and styles embrace every desirable variety of quality, size, color, and pattern, from the very lowest price, to the very best quality, and from the very smallest size to the largest size—including Blue and White, Cloth lined, made from English paper.

Envelopes of any size made to order.

Also, Writing Papers—Foolscap, Letter, Bath, Note, and Billet, with Legal Cap, Counting-House Cap, and Bill Cap, sold at Mill Prices. All offered on the usual credit, or a discount off for cash.

Samples, with trade list of prices, furnished when requested, and sent by mail, free of postage.

Booksellers and Stationers from all parts of the country are invited to call when in the city, and examine his stock of Envelopes.

SAMUEL RAYNOR,
118 William, near John street, New York.

TINTED ENVELOPES.
Every Envelope a Business Card!

These ENVELOPES are *PRINTED IN TINTS*—Illustrated and Ornamented to suit any trade or business. Every man in business should use them. Samples sent on receipt of stamps to pay postage.

N. ORR & CO.,
52 John street (opposite Dutch), New York.

INSURANCE.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox, Josiah Macy, William H. Falls, Joseph W. Corlies, John D. Wright, Peter S. Titus, Thomas C. Chardavoyne, Ralph Mead, Richard Field, Irad Hawley,
Richard F. Carman, Henry H. Barrow, Hull Clark, William C. White, John J. Walker, Charles H. Marshall, Thomas W. Pearsall, William H. Macy, Leonardo S. Suarez, John Penfold,
Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange,
NEW YORK.

OFFICE
11 COURT,
Cor. of Remsen street,
BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL.............$153,000 00
SURPLUS.............107,641 72
ASSETS.............$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary.
WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
George Alger, Robert C. Bell, } Surveyors.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, and
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt, Adrian Iselin, Edward Jones, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Edward Burckhardt, James W. Beekman, N. W. Stuyvesant, Charles De Rham, A. McL. Agnew, William Bloodgood, William F. Cary, Jr., George A. Robbins, Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., David Jones,
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WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
John R. Smith, Secretary.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer, Rufus L. Lord, William F. Mott, Edwin D. Morgan, William W. Fox, Richard Tighe, Peter Cooper, Thomas Barron, Robt. B. Minturn, Moses Taylor,
Thos. W. Pearsall, Henry Elsworth, Augustus H. Ward, James Colles, Sydney Mason, L. S. Suarez, John Caswell, John Steward, John C. Green, Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
60 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

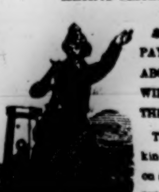
Wm. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

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Paschal W. Turney, Franklin H. Delano, Henry V. Butler, Jos. B. Varnum, Jr., Sam'l. D. Bradford, Jr., Bowes R. McIlvaine, Gilbert L. Beekman, John C. Henderson, Lorrain Freeman, Edward Macomber, Watson E. Case,
Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW AS ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since 1853.
38 " " " " 1848.
39 " " " " 1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	—$1,395,627 21

This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:

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William J. Butler, A. C. Kingsland, R. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Kirkland, Chas. Chamberlain, Robert T. Wilde, Rudolph Standinger, Wm. B. Nichols, Oscar Varet.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1860.

Printed at Allen's Office, No. 9 Spruce street, New York.